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THE STORY OF MR. DAWES and Mr. Lorimer, told elsewhere in this issue, has furnished two fascinating sidelights, one on journalism, one on politics. Donald Richberg exposed the Dawes record in the *New Republic* for July 9. Somewhat tardily, the *Independent* of Boston came to Mr. Dawes's assistance. It invited a gentleman whom it described as "John Barton Payne, chairman of the American Red Cross, formerly chairman of the Shipping Board, and later Secretary of the Interior in Mr. Wilson's Cabinet," to reply. It did not mention the fact that Mr. Payne was also the paid attorney for Mr. Dawes and his bank in the litigation over their deal with Lorimer. Mr. Payne, however, in his statement, frankly revealed his relation to the case, although the rest of his article is a hodgepodge of shockingly misleading statements. So much for journalism. As for politics, Mr. Payne, after reading Mr. Richberg's article, wrote to the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, warning him not to make "the mistake of adopting or pressing this matter as a criticism of General Dawes, whose conduct from beginning to end was in the highest sense admirable." And the Democratic Party, from that day to this, has, so far as we have heard, breathed no reflection upon Mr. Dawes's illegal practices as a banker. The solidarity of the two old parties in defense of bankers' interests as opposed to the public interest could hardly be made clearer. The *Independent* has served the public, if unwittingly, in helping to make it clear.

THE FIRE AND BRIMSTONE vice-presidential candidate of the Republican Party is through. For a few weeks his swagger and braggadocio captivated a certain number, but from now on Mr. Dawes will lose votes for his ticket every day. Indeed, if the Democratic Party were not in a conspiracy of silence to protect Mr. Dawes's reputation, his presence on the Republican ticket might be made the final and convincing argument for its defeat. Certainly if the facts in regard to Mr. Dawes's participation in the Lorimer bank swindle could be got before even 50 per cent of the electorate they ought to swing the election against Coolidge and his braggart partner. Of course Senator Brookhart's demand that Mr. Dawes quit the Republican ticket will not be realized, but it will have a wholesome effect in leading voters to do so. Senator Brookhart says:

> Charles G. Dawes has wrecked the Republican campaign, and especially in the Northwest. . . . His sulphuretted-hydrogen bank record, as established by the Supreme Court of Illinois the day he was nominated, renders him unfit for the public service, and he should be removed as the candidate for his party as Denby and Daugherty were removed from office. . . . The claim that he was ignorant of the import of his act and only regarded it as a friendly favor adds color to the general claim that his own advertised financial ability is only a bluff and that he acts as the agent of international banking powers. The further defense that all bankers are doing the same thing is resented even by the bankers themselves.

THE ONE AMUSING NOTE in this drab story of financial crookedness is Mr. Dawes's defense—or rather his bland refusal to make one. "I will not debate my character with any man," is his answer to this unanswerable episode. We don't blame him—he hasn't a leg to stand on. From his military experience he has evidently absorbed the truth that

> He who fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day.

Besides it has long been the custom for both Republicans and Democrats to dodge all issues of any consequence. Why should Mr. Dawes make an exception to the rule? His moral character—condemned by the highest court in his State—is the one point of supreme interest to the voter. So naturally, running true to old-party form, Mr. Dawes dodges it. Mr. Davis did likewise in regard to the one point of most consequence in his candidacy—his corporation-law practice and its probable effect upon his sympathies and his point of view. He announced magnificently that he would not discuss the subject. And Mr. Coolidge, playing still safer, carefully refrains from expressing himself on almost every question in regard to which the public might possibly be interested.

SECRETARY MELLON too has joined the Nothing-to-say Club. When the New York *World* and John W. Davis charged that the American Aluminum Company, in which the Mellon family predominate, was a price-fixing monopoly benefiting by exceptional tariff protection, Mr.

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Mellon vigorously retorted that "no monopoly in the aluminum trade exists." He cited a variety of figures to show that the tariff had not raised aluminum prices, adding, however, that "If the tariff had not been in effect the 35,000 people in the aluminum industry would be without jobs or they would have to work for lower wages." That was characteristic—to claim, all in one breath, that the tariff had not raised prices, and if it had not the industry would have been ruined. The *World* shot a few holes in Mr. Mellon's defense at once; within a week the Federal Trade Commission issued a digest of a report on the cost of household utensils prepared in response to a congressional resolution in 1921. This report charges the Mellon aluminum companies with several forms of price discrimination, price-fixing, and "various practices forbidden by a judicial decree under the Sherman Act." "The Aluminum Company of America," the commission stated, "has a practically complete monopoly of the production of aluminum in the United States." That statement was in fact moderate. That Mellon-controlled company produced in 1923 four-fifths of the entire world production of bauxite, the ore from which aluminum is made. Mr. Mellon wilted. The New York *Sun*, an Administration organ, reported his retreat in these dignified words:

> Secretary Mellon will have no further statement to make at this time. He announced today that he expected a formal answer would be made at the proper time by the aluminum company. Meanwhile he will not engage in controversy.

Naturally not.

WILLIAM HARD is *The Nation's* Washington correspondent, and *The Nation* is proud of him. *The Nation* is glad to print what he says even when it sharply disagrees with him. Last week we printed William Hard's friendly assessment of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. We think that Hard still labors a bit under the mystic memories of the days when he and little Theodore's father were making the old *Metropolitan Magazine* memorable. Young Theodore may be as charming as Bill Hard says, and may be able to quote Praed and Father Prout, but he certainly showed no ability to quote anybody intelligently on the conduct of the Navy Department. He approved the leasing of the naval oil reserves, he told the Senate committee, but he did not know Teapot Dome from the Elk Hills Reserve; he "could not recall" what geologists advised the leasing, although he thought he had acted on the advice of geologists; he did not know what oil had been leased or for how long. He had just done what he was told to do. He had never even read the leases which destroyed his father's conservation policy; he was just too stupid or too lazy to find out what was going on. When Albert Fall asked him to, he sent marines to Teapot Dome to drive out the poachers whom Harry Sinclair did not dare drive out—for fear his doubtful leases would come before the courts. Ted, Jr., meant no harm; he did not know what it was all about; he just served as office-boy for wiser politicians. Such a man should be left at home, where he will have plenty of time to be charming.

A LAWYERS' COMMITTEE has been organized in New York City to support the candidacy of John W. Davis. In a circular letter to lawyers it says:

> The problems which confront the country in this particular campaign demand a vote for Mr. Davis. The formidable third-party movement is no accident—with its open attack upon the courts and advocacy of dangerous economic experiments.

Who are these lawyers who regard as dangerous economic experiments the regulation of the oil industry, the telephone and telegraph industry, the money power, and banking imperialism in Central and South America, and the prevention of the use of the courts as strike-breaking agencies? The party politicians and office-holders on the committee, including the head of Tammany Hall, are hardly responsible for such a statement. Nor can it express the view of such a member of the committee as Mr. Samuel Untermyer, who has himself fought for a number of these "dangerous economic experiments." But on this Lawyers' Committee are also men of the same lawyers' stratum as Mr. Davis, serving the same kind of client as did Mr. Davis, sharing with him the princely fees paid by the money monopoly and big business.

CONSIDER THE CLIENTS of the leaders of this candid Lawyers' Committee. Among them are some of our most distinguished banking firms—J. P. Morgan & Company, of course; Blair & Company, and Dillon, Read & Company, at the forefront of the financing in Central and South America and the financing of power and light and traction companies; Goldman, Sachs and Company, Lehman Brothers, and Harris, Forbes and Company. Nor are the biggest banks far to seek—the First National Bank of New York, one of the "Big Four" in Wall Street; the Bankers Trust Company, in which are represented Morgan and the Rockefeller interests; the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, the participant in financing imperialism, of railroads, of public utilities, and of industrial trusts; the Central Union Trust Company of New York, one of the active instruments in the operations of powerful financial families and firms in the field of public utilities and railroads; the American Express Company, which is not only in the banking business but controls the great railway express company in the country. The attorneys for the most powerful families of the country, which reach out into every big industrial undertaking, are in the list—for Morgan, Rockefeller, Gould, Brady. But why should the lawyers for these bankers, thus espousing Mr. Davis, give Mr. Davis away?

GANDHI RECENTLY DECLARED that he was being defeated by the Swarajists and by the Mohammedans, because of their political wrangles and religious fighting. "To fight is vanity." Relative to the quarrels in the All-India Congress Committee between the Swarajists and the non-cooperators, Gandhi said recently:

> At present I am interested in three things only—Charka (native spinning), Hindu-Moslem unity, and removal of untouchability. Unless these three things are accomplished consistently with unity I shall consider that there is no place for me in the political life of the country. If these conditions are fulfilled and if No-Changers and Pro-changers, Moderates, Conventionists and all other parties unite, then only can I remain in political life; otherwise I shall retire and spin and meditate.

After the continued religious rioting at Delhi, Gandhi entered upon a twenty-one-days' fast as penance. America might not respond if Mr. Coolidge or even "Al" Smith started to fast as penance for a Ku Klux Klan riot. India,

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however, was moved by Gandhi's act. A religious-unity conference was called. Both Moslems and Hindus pledged themselves to toleration on the vexed questions of cow slaughter and the right to play music near mosques. The conference established a Central Arbitration Board of fifteen members with Gandhi as chairman to settle similar disputes in the future. The Hindu Feast of Sacrifice which ended in bloodshed may yet mark a step toward that unity for which Gandhi is working so desperately.

IBN SAUD, CHIEF OF THE WAHABIS of Central Arabia, has forced Hussein, king of the Hejaz and commander of the Moslem holy places, to abdicate. But British imperial policy is sufficiently supple to meet such a blow at its prestige as the defeat of one king equipped and financed with British gold. Winston Churchill let the cat out of the bag when explaining the Arabian situation to the House of Commons in 1921. Ibn Saud, he said, had been in "a state of warfare, raid, and reprisal with King Hussein and with his neighbors generally"; nevertheless, Churchill had arranged for peace. The British Government would continue the subsidy of £60,000 a year which Ibn Saud had been receiving, and would in addition make him a lump-sum grant of £20,000! The ways of diplomacy are devious. When the Nationalist Turks drove the caliph out of Constantinople the British gave support to Hussein's claim upon the title of head of the Moslem world. And if Ibn Saud drives Hussein, the British puppet, out of Mecca, Mecca will still be ruled by a man heavily in Britain's debt.

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S GOVERNMENT seems, as we go to press, about to lose the last of its nine lives. It has trembled on the brink of destruction many times since, nine months ago, it began a precarious career. For Ramsay MacDonald has never had a majority behind him; Labor has not even been the largest party in Parliament, and the existence of the Labor Government has depended upon the lukewarm support of members of the other parties. In nine months MacDonald has done much for Europe, but the radicals within his own party have been disturbed by his absorption in Continental politics. The incident of the biscuit manufacturer and the motor car undoubtedly hurt him. Lloyd George has seized upon the incomplete Russian treaty as a useful electoral bogy, and the Tories are aroused because the Government dropped the case against a Communist arrested for inciting to mutiny. None of these, of course, is ground enough to explain the fall of a ministry. Ramsay MacDonald has achieved that pacification of Europe which the Tory and Liberal governments were unable to accomplish; France is ready to welcome Germany into the League; the tension of a year ago is relaxed. So the dogs of domestic politics are free to bark again.

EDWARD A. FILENE of Boston liked Mr. Bok's peace plan so well that he offered similar prizes in France, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy for the best answers to the question, "How can security and prosperity be restored in France, Germany, etc., and in Europe through international cooperation?" More than 15,000 plans were submitted. A comparison of the German and French winning plans shows many points of similarity—acceptance of the Dawes scheme, utilization of the League of Nations and an extension of its responsibility, recognition of the economic unity of Europe, and the necessity for control of raw materials. The French plan urges the formation of a League of European States in addition to the League of Nations; while the author of the German plan urges greater use of the Interparliamentary Union, an association of active or ex-members of national parliaments, in order to further the cause of international arbitration. The German plan damns the Treaty of Versailles as the root of all evil and then proceeds to quote from it some excellent suggestions which the Allies have ignored. One of the German prize-winners suggests that

> the other Powers do their part in opening their archives and thus provide a basis for an impartial discussion of the guilt question—a discussion whose outcome would have the very greatest importance in the moral evaluation of Germany among the nations."

THE DENIAL OF A NEW TRIAL to Sacco and Vanzetti by Judge Thayer was not unexpected and should not be too much of a disappointment to the believers in justice who patiently and devotedly have struggled for more than four years to save two probably innocent Italians from death. It was before Judge Thayer that the trial was held, and not a few of those present felt that the court showed a bias against the defendants which was at least partly responsible for the verdict of guilty. The probability of bias on Judge Thayer's part at the trial has been greatly strengthened by his refusal to reopen the case, for it seems impossible that any unprejudiced mind could calmly review the seance of hysteria and hate that was unfolded in his court in 1921 without feeling that it must have eventuated in a gross miscarriage of justice. Fortunately the fight is not lost. A demand for a new trial can and must be made to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. All honor is due to the little group that has so long stuck by these moneyless prisoners. The effort deserves all the moral and financial assistance which readers of *The Nation* can give.

WHENEVER THE PUBLIC hears of an expedition to recover treasure from the sea it pictures a vague and romantic—and probably unsuccessful—quest after the hidden wealth of Captain Kidd, or something equally fantastic. Few persons realize that most such expeditions are eminently practical; that raising sunken treasure from the deep is an established business with a technique as well developed as that applied to erecting a skyscraper or boring a tunnel. Thus the divers who have gone to the Virginia capes to salvage the gold from the Ward liner Merida—sunk in collision in 1911—are on no wild-goose chase; theirs is a business venture, although more speculative than most salvage operations because of the probable difficulty of finding the vessel. The World War brought a great revival in salvage, owing to the large number of vessels sunk by submarines or otherwise. The British Admiralty quietly salvaged nearly 500 ships, valued with their cargoes at £50,000,000, during the conflict. After the armistice it raised the Vindictive, which had been filled with cement and sunk in Ostend harbor to spoil it as a submarine base. But the Admiralty's greatest feat was the recovery of the treasure of the Laurentic, sunk by a submarine off the north coast of Ireland in 1917 in 120 feet of storm-tossed water. Work was interrupted again and again by rough weather, but after seven years £4,750,000 out of a total of £5,000,000 had been recovered.

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"Ain't Goin' to Study War No More"?

THE League of Nations has at last buckled down seriously to its primary task. The Assembly of the League, in which the little nations as well as the great take part, has done what the Council, dominated by the Great Powers of the war-time Entente, had failed to do: It has forced a world move toward disarmament. It has taken action worthy of that oft-forgotten preamble to the League Covenant: "The High Contracting Parties, in order to promote international cooperation and to achieve international peace and security *by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war* . . . agree to this Covenant of the League of Nations."

Representatives of forty-seven nations submitted the protocol elaborated in the commissions of the League. Aristide Briand, six times premier of France, pledged the ratification of France, declaring that:

> The protocol framed by the League of Nations constitutes the most formidable obstacle to war ever devised by the human mind. If it is voted you, its framers and sponsors, will have the right to say you have installed peace in the world.

Since the Hague conferences no such serious effort toward peace has been made by the nations of the world, and the Geneva protocol is a glorious advance over the Hague conventions. It ought to be, with the World War intervening. And yet, with the fresh memory of that "war to end war" and of the peace that came so near to ending peace, the world must push beyond oratorical enthusism and analyze every fervent hope. It will not do to break the heart of the world again.

What is this "most formidable obstacle to war ever framed"? It is, first of all, not a treaty for disarmament; that is left to a conference to be called next June, if meanwhile three of the four Great Powers (Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan) permanently represented on the League Council and at least ten other Powers ratify the protocol. It is intended to be a treaty of security, making disarmament possible. The method of attaining that security is a compromise between the point of view represented at Geneva by Ramsay MacDonald and that represented by the French spokesmen. The Geneva protocol, while it begins with an agreement for compulsory arbitration, ends with a series of sanctions to be applied against a state which breaks the agreement. There lies the danger. The protocol is not merely a covenant to outlaw war; it is a covenant to outlaw any nation that resorts to war, and even, perhaps, an agreement to make war jointly against any such nation.

Agreement upon compulsory arbitration is a giant step forward along the path to world peace. It is a development of an historic policy of the Government of the United States. We accepted arbitration in days when the idea of international arbitration was young; we led in the struggle to establish effective international courts at the two Hague conferences; Elihu Root was chairman of the commission which drew up the first draft of the present World Court, providing for universal jurisdiction, for arbitration of all international disputes. That provision was rejected by the Council of the League, although it is the very cornerstone of any possible peace. That the League has now returned to it proves that even among diplomats progress is possible.

But this agreement among the members of the League not to have recourse to war against each other (except in case of resistance to immediate acts of aggression) must be studied with its context. It suffers, first of all, from the fundamental defect of the League—its own exclusions. Provision can be made for inclusion of Powers which, like the United States, remain outside of the League of their own free will; but what of Powers, like Germany and Soviet Russia, which have been deliberately excluded? The protocol provides an opportunity for them to sign, but "on the dotted line." No peace-pact can appeal to them unless they have a share in framing it.

A second difficulty has been over-advertised on its less important side. The Japanese delegation demanded that the protocol include some provision for discussion of disputes which the World Court might declare to be matters of purely domestic concern; and the final draft includes a provision permitting discussion of such questions before the Council of the League. The Japanese presumably had in mind the possibility of raising the question of immigration before an international forum, and that, in the present state of American opinion, would not be tolerated. The suggestion of such a possibility in connection with the League can only prejudice American opinion against the whole program—even against any arbitration agreement. Yet sooner or later American opinion will have to awaken from its provincialism. The world is not a series of hermetically sealed chambers. If Brazil, in a captious mood, were to refuse to send us coffee or rubber; or if European countries should dare make laws restricting the privileges of American business men, we should cease talking of "purely domestic affairs." Indeed, Mr. Hughes has shouted from the housetops his conviction that Mexican and Russian laws are as much his business and Mr. Doheny's as they are Trotzky's or Calles's.

To experienced European minds, indeed, the loophole allowed must seem, if anything, too small. The Italians would like to discuss the question of international allocation of raw materials. Even more pressing is the question of European boundaries. The protocol would seem to rivet upon Europe the chains cast in 1919. French statesmen are already glowingly proclaiming that it eternalizes the boundaries fixed by the treaties. Those boundaries may be an improvement upon the prewar frontiers; but some among them cannot be maintained forever. Jugoslavia holds a section of Macedonia which is predominantly Bulgarian in population; Italy holds the purely German South Tyrol; and Poland has an extended eastern frontier which even Polish statesmen admit in private must be revised. How shall opportunity be provided to correct those unrighteous frontiers?

If a Power refuses arbitration, or refuses to accept the decision, and makes war, it is defined as the aggressor and in that case a whole series of sanctions are set on foot against it. What these are the cabled summaries do not make clear. Even the New York *Times*, usually so invaluable for its complete texts of important documents, printed only a muddled summary of the protocol. Yet the question of these sanctions, demanded by the French, is all-important. If, as some dispatches hint, they militarize the heart of the peace pact, another great hope will go a-glimmering.

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Some of us hoped that the United States would take the lead in another great disarmament conference. Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hughes, afraid of the political consequences, hesitated; and Geneva took the lead. The product of its effort is a compromise; it may include provisions impossible for the United States to accept. Yet if the text of this League protocol gives any serious hope of world peace the United States must agree to participate in the world disarmament conference, by whomever it may be called.

Government Ownership to the Fore

WHAT would the Republicans and Democrats do if they did not have the La Follette platform to berate? There is General Dawes, for instance. His speeches are devoted almost entirely to showing that the Progressive Supreme-Court and railroad planks stamp Senator La Follette as a Red of the deepest dye. Now Secretary Hoover has taken a hand and, ever a defender of the existing order, has come to the rescue of private ownership of railroads in a speech which must have cost the Republican campaign committee at least $30,000, since it was broadcast to the public from fourteen radio stations. There is no denying that he put his case as ably as we have seen it presented. At least it was one of the few really reasoned arguments which have come from the Republican camp since, early in this campaign, they suddenly found that Mr. La Follette had given them something else to do besides merely declaring that all is well in the world.

We are glad that Mr. Hoover was as effective as he was, because we welcome the pushing of this railroad issue to the front. We do not believe that it will hurt the La Follette cause in the long run, for where it will repel timid souls in the East who really believe, in their innocence, that if elected Robert La Follette would bring about government ownership on March 5, 1925, it will win votes in the West. More than that, this issue has come into our politics to stay; hence we rejoice that a serious discussion of it is under way. It is one of the fundamental proposals of the La Follette platform. Like *The Nation*, Senator La Follette has been slow to come to government ownership and has apparently done so only because of the conscientious belief that unless we take this bulwark of privilege complete victory will not be possible. In this connection we hear from reliable sources that shortly before his death Woodrow Wilson had become converted on this issue and that government ownership was to have been one of the planks in the platform he was drafting for presentation at the last Democratic convention.

We do not know, of course, precisely what won over Mr. Wilson, it may be the fact that Canada now owns more than 60 per cent of her railroads and will, if students of Canadian affairs are correct, own the rest of them within five years. Canada's experience ought certainly to convince the American public that our republic will not collapse over night should we decide to take over the railroads. The losses reported on the government railroads in Canada have been due primarily to overcapitalization and to other causes which are removable. There is already a marked improvement in the situation; and no effort is being made to turn the roads back to private ownership. In England, too, the drift is noticeably toward a more serious consideration of the government's relationship to transportation lines. If it be pointed out that England is a much smaller country than ours and that the railroad problem there is somewhat different, we are still of the opinion that our railroads can be taken over without the republic going to pieces through that inefficiency, that stilling of private energy and enterprise, and the creation of a railroad bureaucracy exerting undue influence upon our political life which Mr. Hoover so dreads.

Government ownership would bring grave problems with it—evils if one pleases; but we have come to our position after a deliberate weighing of those evils against the worse evils of the present system. We have a railroad bureaucracy now, influencing our public life—and we have no adequate check upon it. The "invisible empire" which Woodrow Wilson declared in 1912 was ruling us for the benefit of special interests has never been destroyed. It is more powerful than ever, and the cries of anger and alarm which are now going up are proof of the value which that empire places upon this fortification. Take the railroads out of Wall Street and a deadly blow will have been struck at that corporate control of our political life—that corporate control which can conceive of nothing better for American citizens than a continuance of the rule of Calvin Coolidge and of the Cabinet in which "only three out of ten" have so far been proved incompetent or corrupt. Certainly no one can deny that those vested interests which are based upon special railroad privileges continue to grow. Mr. Hoover to the contrary notwithstanding, government regulation has utterly failed to end discrimination and special favor; and there is no reason to suppose that can be done short of elimination of private ownership and Wall Street control.

Finally, our readers must not forget that government ownership is not the same as government operation, and that before the latter need come to pass some plan of joint democratic operation by a board representing the railroad workers, the public, and the government may be tried. The outstanding fact remains that the beef trust, the coal trust, the steel trust, and the oil trust are still fortified and intrenched by their alliance with the railroads—an alliance which the people must and shall destroy.

Catching Up with Shaw

FOR the controversalist who wishes to achieve a really lasting fame it is probably better to be wrong than right. The last leader of a lost cause can have no successor, and his niche in history is secure; but he who fights on the winning side is destined to see his pet idea become a commonplace and his most daring epigram reduced to a platitude. The wrong-headed toryism of Dr. Johnson makes him, even today, a picturesque and interesting figure, whereas his liberal opponents have sunk into insignificance. They have been left too far behind to be greatly admired, and while he seems to deal in brilliant and perverse paradoxes they parrot tepid commonplaces which, however true, have long ceased to be interesting.

Even Bernard Shaw must pay the penalty of being a logical and constructive thinker who imposes his truths on his own generation and thus encourages a new genera-

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tion to go on beyond him. For prefaces historical, critical, and historio-sociological or for sermons absolute he is still the best in the world; but it is doubtful if any ordinary reader of the new preface to "Saint Joan" would think of applying to it any of those adjectives like "acrobatic" and "paradoxical" which were formerly ejaculated as a matter of course by even his most ardent defenders at the appearance of each new work. Rather would the ideas there expressed seem to such a reader merely common sense, brilliantly phrased perhaps, but by no means fantastic or paradoxical. Even the once famous insolence seems no longer particularly insolent. That Shakespeare's historical plays are not, in the modern sense, historical at all and that when Schiller made his tragedy of Joan turn upon a wholly fictitious yielding to romantic love he robbed the story of its significance for a generation which is no longer interested in the idea of frigidity as a magic charm—these things are scarcely less than obvious. "Better than Shakespeare?" and "Better than Schiller?" have become, even with the question mark (once passionately urged in their defense) omitted, quite reasonable phrases.

Thus far, even within his own lifetime, has extended that process by which the most brilliant thought becomes, as a penalty for its truth, commonplace. Already the world is beginning to catch up with Shaw. Doubtless neither we nor our grandchildren shall live long enough to see him completely outmoded. But Shaw himself has set his scenes in times lying ahead "as far as thought can reach." Thus it is not unfitting to wonder what will be his fate milleniums hence. Fortunately for his fame he has what most pamphleteers lack—wit enough to keep him long sweet, and doubtless even in that distant age when youths are born full grown from eggs and all men are Shavians there will still be delight in the skill of his trusts for those with sufficient imagination to recreate the past. But many a schoolmaster, expounding Shaw's works in connection with the other ancient classics of the twentieth century, will be compelled to counter the objections of striplings who find his work platitudinous. Laboriously explaining, as many a schoolmaster of today has explained in connection with worthies of our own past, the teacher will say: "But we must remember, children, that after all he does have a certain historical interest. He was the first to give currency to many ideas which are familiar to us but which were, in those days of ignorance and superstition, almost unheard of. Indeed, there is some evidence for the belief that many of his more slow-thinking contemporaries regarded him as little better than a juggler of fantastic paradoxes."

"Eats"

WHEN the editors of this journal get tired of uplifting humanity, and settle down to making money instead, they are going to start a magazine about food. It will bear the succinct and succulent title *Eats*. It will contain such appetizing recipes and such exalted discussions on food as to make the mouth of the public water just to see it on the newsstands. The success of *Eats* is foreordained by past experience. Whenever we write an article urging men to be better, truer, and more beautiful, nobody reads it except the printer, but as often as we discuss the divine art of cooking and the poetry of the palate, the post office has to put on an extra carrier to deliver the letters from our loving friends.

Recently, for instance, we said a word about clam chowder, laying down the proposition that the dish was unknown to New York City; it was only in New England, we said, that people knew how to make it—that is, *with milk*. At once we began to receive letters telling us places in New York City where "real clam chowder" was to be had. Of course, we did not try any of these places because we might have liked the chowder and that would prove our editorial wrong. And if there is one thing that spoils our day it is for somebody to write in—as they're always doing—to prove an editorial wrong.

But there were also letters sustaining our position. New England rallied magnificently and unanimously behind our contention that New England was the only home of true clam chowder. The Gorton-Pew Fisheries Company of Gloucester wrote a professional confirmation of our stand, while Perry Walton of Boston sent assurance that the only Simon-pure clam chowder is made at Chatham, Cape Cod. He said:

> I have a man of all work who fits the term better than any one I ever knew. In the first place, he bears a name that goes back to the founders of the town. He has been before the mast in every kind of a ship in every port of the seven seas. What he doesn't know about gardening, fishing, navigating, carpentering, painting, and even machinery is useless to know. He had been talking all summer about his clam chowders, so I said to him: "Alfred, we'll go out on Monomoy and dig a few quahogs." We got a half bucket of clams.

We interrupt our correspondent's yarn only long enough to observe that at least he starts right. He begins with half a bucket of clams, in distinction from most of our restaurateur friends, who begin with a whole bucket of water. But let him go on with the description of how his man of all work proceeded:

> This is the way he made his chowder. He took about five slices of pork cut a quarter of an inch thick and minced them into little cubes of the same dimension. These he put in a boiler on a hot fire to fry out the fat. After the fat was fried out, he carefully lifted every bit of pork but the grease which was left. In the meanwhile he ran the clams through a meat chopper. Then taking three onions, carefully paring them, he ran them through the same chopper into the receptacle containing the clams. Allowing the clam juice to settle, he poured off what remained into the bowl containing the clams and the onions, which he then put on the stove to boil for twenty minutes, having first added the pork grease and about two tablespoonsful of flour carefully dissolved in water and free from lumps, in lieu of the cornstarch which he said was preferable. After the whole had been boiled for twenty minutes, he set it aside and allowed it to cool, so that he could pour in a quart of milk without curdling it. While cooking, he added pepper and salt to season it, remarking as he did so: "I al'ays b'lieve in seasonin' while I'm cookin'."
>
> There were six of us who sat down to lunch with that clam chowder as the *pièce de résistance*, and there wasn't one who had not two helpings. We felt that Alfred knew more about cooking than a chef of a modern hotel in addition to his other accomplishments, and also learned that potatoes are a *bête noire* to a real chowder. "They take all the flavor out of the clams," was Alfred's explanation.

When we start that magazine *Eats*, we shall have the editorial offices on Cape Cod so as to lunch with Alfred and his clam chowder.

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Be Brisk With Babbitt

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

I. A Booster for Coolidge

THOUGH I had been sent to Zenith to interview Mr. George F. Babbitt in the matter of the presidential campaign, I did not see him for two days after my arrival. I felt that as a background to the story I ought to consider the city, study its changes in the three years since I had viewed it.

I was not altogether ingenuous in my purpose. The fact is that a Tory in New York had accused me of encountering in various American cities only the highbrows, and, after denying it with the indignation which the truth of the statement naturally aroused, I privately repented and vowed that I would go into the plain, simple, normal, wholesome, and otherwise painful aspects of some Hundred Per Cent American Community.

So for two days of six hundred hours each I trudged the unending streets of Zenith. I saw that there were numbers of delicatessens, laundries, trolley cars, radio supply shops, billboards, people, and new fall felt hats, but otherwise I have no revolutionary discoveries to report.

Now, among the more select and intellectual circles of Zenith I am somewhat known because of three lectures on the "The Influence of the Atharva Veda and Duns Scotus on the Manner of Edith Wharton," which I delivered at Symphony Hall in 1920. Or it may have been my impersonation of a clergyman at the Press Club Get-together Dinner. Anyway, I know most of the newspapermen, and toward evening of my second lonely day I came into the Hotel Thornleigh to find Eddie Morrissey of the *Advocate-Times* waiting for me.

"Hello, why didncha let me know you were in town say is this the right dope Ernest Boyd pulled about Scott Moncrieff's translation of Proust what you in town for say the city editor says I gotta interview you got any preferences or shall I just write it how about a little poker this evening say do you think I could get a job in New York or London there'll be just five or six of us playing," observed Eddie.

During the evening I admitted to him, with secrecy, that I contemplated interviewing Mr. Babbitt.

Next morning, at eight, a peculiarly gloomy portion of the dawn, I was aroused by the telephone.

"This is George Babbitt speaking. Heard you wanted to see me. Just drop in at the office at any time," said a brisk but manly voice.

"Well——"

"I hate being interviewed. What I feel is that if a man can't conduct his business without a lot of this personal publicity and social items, he'd better quit. But it's always a pleasure to meet you boys from out of town, and if there's anything I can tell——"

"I think I'd better come in this afternoon."

"All right. Any time. Whenever it's convenient."

I seemed safe till noon. But at nineteen minutes past nine there was a knock, a lot of knocks, and sulkily I opened the door on a beaming, ruddy, well-padded, round-faced gentleman with large rimless spectacles—Mr. George F. Babbitt.

"Well, well, well, well," said Mr. Babbitt. "Going by the hotel and thought I'd save you the trouble of looking me up. Now, look here, I don't want you to get the idea I like being interviewed, or that I think my political ideas are of significance——"

"Come in. Mind sitting— Oh, just throw that shirt and stuff on the floor."

"——or, to be perfectly frank, even of interest to the body politic as a whole. In fact, I feel that as a plain business man who has no share in politics except to build up his party and play the role of good citizen so far as it may be in his power I have no right to even try to influence others. But— Eddie Morrissey 'phoned me that you'd like to know my opinion on Cal and La Follette and Davis, so I said if I can help him out in any way——

"Now, here's how I figure it out. Trying to put aside all prejudices, I've finally decided that any vote except one cast for Coolidge is a vote thrown away. You see, all things considered, it's like this: I feel there's been a lot of misjudgment of Cal. I know he isn't as showy as Harding and Bill Bryan and Dawes and a lot of obviously brainy men like that, but my feeling is that he's a fellow who takes his time to make up his mind and to weigh all sides of the question. He's not a fellow that goes off half-cocked, or that yields to every passing wave of the ill-balanced popular winds of fashion. And then another thing:

"I've had an opportunity of getting a viewpoint on America and its relations to the world such as mighty few folks are lucky enough to have. Fact, I've been to Europe!"

"Really?"

"Yump. Seen the whole thing from Puncture to Blow-out, as the fellow says. Do you remember Paul Riesling—great friend of mine—skinny fellow with black hair? (Lord, you'd love Paul! Honestly, he's the real goods, and you ought to hear him fiddle—I've been told, on good authority, that if he took it up professionally instead of sticking to the roofing business, he'd put Kreisler and all these birds right out of the running. One of these dreamers, but right on the job just the same.)

"Well. Paul 'd had a lot of trouble, one kind and another, and he was sort of going to pieces. I had a hunch —the poor kid has always wanted to go to Europe—I says to him, 'If the wife will give me the time off, I'm going to lug you over to Gay Paree and get your mind off your worries.' Well, sir, you certainly got to hand it to Myra. All she said was: 'Go the limit as long as you don't bring home one of these Paris cuties with you!' and so off we went.

"Well, sir, of course I'd always known that Europe wasn't efficient like the U. S., but I'd never appreciated what that *meant*. The very first thing we hit on the steamer was an Englishman, and I said to him: 'Well, what's your impression of the States?'

" 'Magnificent country,' he says.

" 'Glad you liked it,' I says.

" 'Splendid machinery,' he says.

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"'Well,' I says, 'I'm glad you liked it.'

"'There's only one thing,' he says. 'There isn't any hospitality.'

"Well, of course that knocked me for a row of radio sets, because anybody that knows anything about the U. S. knows that while we may have our faults, we're the most hospitable people on earth. Look at the good time we gave the Prince of Wales, polo and everything—prob'ly you noticed how grateful he was in this letter he gave out when he was leaving. So I thought probably this English fellow was trying to jolly me, and I says, 'Yes, it's a shame. We don't hardly ever give our guests anything more than the madame's pearl necklace and the baby's bottle.'

"You know how these blinkin' Britishers look at you sometimes—as if they thought it was somebody else they'd been talking to and suddenly discovered it was only you? Well, that's how he looked, and then he says:

"'No, seriously. I'd bloomin' well heard——'

"I can't do the English accent the way he did it. You know how funny they talk—the way they keep dragging in Fancy and Quite and all those trick words. But I mean: He said:

"'I'd always blinkin' well heard—and not just from you bloomin' Americans alone—that you're so all-fired hospitable. What I found was that in America my host didn't hesitate one jolly bit to lug me out to a gathering where we weren't even expected, and I'd be taken in as one of the family. A bunch of birds would slap me on me back and call me by me jolly old first name, don'cha know, and I'd feel awfully welcome and all that sort of thing.' (You know how they talk, but I can't exactly get it, even though I was in England, and one of my best friends is Sir Gerald Doak, this famous steel man, regular bang-up member of the aristocracy, they say he knows Lord Leverhulme intimately. But I'll just give you an idea of the way he put it.)

"'But, then,' he says, 'after I'd met all these folks so darn' chummy-like,' he says, 'I never would come to know them one jolly bit better, and if I ever handed them out any ideas or opinions or anything that was different from their own, they'd throw me out.

"'Now, in England,' he says, 'you don't slap a fellow on the back—if you ever do that sort of thing—till you're gol-blimey well sure you know him, and after that he's one of your own folks. In America you have railroad-station hospitality—everybody welcome to come in and then invited to keep right on moving, but in Great Britain we have fireside hospitality, the kind that lasts.'

"I'm telling you all this because it's such a good sample of the way Europeans don't get America. Talking about it on the steamer coming home, a lot of folks were wondering why it was, but I explained it—you see a fellow gets onto a lot of human slants and psychology in the real estate business. I explained to 'em that the reason Europeans don't understand us is because they're all *jealous* of us, and so they simply won't let themselves be adaptable and consider new viewpoints and take the trouble to get a real genuine insight into other nations, the way Americans do.

"Well. We had a pretty good time, at that. O course London is awful' slow, after New York and Chicago—hardly a skyscraper in the whole burg, and no cabarets or elevateds or anything—people so darn' conservative and old-fashioned that they can't see the need of getting down to business and hustling if they're going to take their part in modern competition. But I had a fine time with Sir Gerald Doak. Unfortunately Lady Doak was away, so he couldn't invite us to Nottingham, but he took us to lunch at his club, and he slipped us a lot of real inside information—how this Ramsay MacDonald was in the pay of the Soviets.

"And we found one awfully nice place—the Cheshire Cheese—that's where this Dr. Johnson, you know, the famous author that wrote a lot of books, where he used to hang out, and say, they've got a dandy book there that all the visitors write in—some of the cutest things you ever saw, poetry and sketches and everything, and almost all of 'em by Americans—I was mighty proud of my country after I saw that book. I remember there was one piece written by a gentleman from Omaha that ran something like this:

> Here's to the good old Cheshire Cheese,
> That tries hard every Yank to please;
> And when I drink old ale in prime condition,
> I don't know as I think so much of prohibition.

"Well, I saw the whole works—Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Palace and the Tower and everything, and made a study of business conditions—looked over several department stores and so on—not one-two-three beside the American stores.

"I could see Paul was still feeling touchy, and I let him go off by himself. At the Chesshire Cheese I ran into a dandy couple—Mr. and Mrs. Smith of San Francisco, I wonder if you ever met him, he's in the insurance business—and we three chased around together, and evenings we'd look for some regular American movie and kind of take it easy and get back at ourselves for working so hard at sight-seeing all day.

"And we did the English country, too. Paul had some crazy idea about wanting to moon around some out-of-town cathedral all day (some big Episcopalian cathedral, I think it was), so I let him beat it off by himself, and I and the Smiths and another dandy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Apstein of Milwaukee, he's in the machinery business, and their three kids, we all hired an automobile, and say, we made two hundred and thirty-seven miles in one day, including a stop for lunch.

"Then we went over to Paris, and Paul, he wanted to see some museums, I guess it was, so I hooked up with a peach of a fellow from Rochester, N. Y., that I met at the New York Bar—Evans, his name was—and him and Mrs. Evans and I, we certainly did that old town up brown—the Moulin Rouge and the Rat Mort and Zelli's (that's that dancing place—fellow runs it is an American, even if he has got a Dago name, and they have a swell American orchestra).

"And then on to Rome—met Dr. and Mrs. Simmons of Fargo on the train going down there, and we three bummed around together—not much to see there, if you want to know the truth—and then Florence (wasn't it?)—that's where I ran onto Reverend and Mrs. Jackson—no, in Madrid it was I met the Jacksons and—Oh, a slew of other places. Amsterdam and Switzerland and all over.

"Well, as you can see, I got a pretty thorough notion of Europe. And now here's where I come to the point.

"Europe is picturesque and quaint and historical and all that, but it's a gone goose; it hasn't got any pep. Why,

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I've seen streets right in Rome, which the guide book calls the Eternal City, that they wouldn't stand for in Punkin Center—dirty, narrow, stinking alleys worse 'n any runway behind a garage!

"Now, of course a lot of fellows will tell you and talk about there not being any bathtubs in Europe. That shows they aren't observant. Makes me tired to hear a fellow just quoting conventional opinions and not using his eyes and being original. Paul and I didn't have a bit of trouble getting rooms with baths, at the Cecil in London or the Continental in Paris or anywhere. *But*——

"People over there don't know how to be friendly. When we landed in London, the bell-boy that took our grips up to the room was a bright-looking little tad, so I gave him a quarter—a shilling they call it—and I says to him, 'Say, buddy, are they pulling off any good movies in town this evening?' Well, sir, I bet I had to repeat it half a dozen times before I could make him understand.

"You see over there in England, they don't have regular public schools like ours, way I understand it, and there's a lot of hick dialects back in what they call the counties, so a lot of the common people don't hardly understand the Queen's English at all. And even when this boy did understand, and I kidded him a little about being so slow on the come-back, he didn't kid me back like a nice bright American bell-hop would. No democracy and friendliness. Same with the cops, when you'd try to stop and pass the time of day with 'em—looked at you like you were a Heathen Chinee.

"Now, another thing. They can talk about London being the big noise, but do you realize that the price per front foot of some of the best business properties in London is actually less than it is for corresponding locations right here in Zenith? That's a thing that ain't generally understood, and somebody ought to write it up and bring it to the attention of the general public more strongly.

"Then the taxicabs. Why, say, some of those old taxis in London couldn't make a two per cent grade on second! And the cocktails in London—why, right in the Cecil itself, which as you know is the bon-ton classy hotel of the whole country, where all the dukes and everybody stays, the clerk himself told me so—they didn't mix as good a cocktail as I can.

"And you hear so much about the food, but you couldn't get as good coffee at the Cecil as we have right at home, and when I asked How's chances on their digging up some corn on cob, the head waiter simply passed out.

"I'm glad to see this Scott Fitzgerald shows up French cooking, too, here in a recent *Saturday Evening Post*. He shows where all the wise birds in France duck these fancy sauces and everything and stick to American crackers and American cheese. Glad he explained that to people.

"And say, darned if every dining car in France didn't have toothpicks right on the table. Why, you take the greenest American boob you could find, and if you caught him swinging a toothpick publicly, he'd just about die of shame. And this is the country that thinks it has so much more class than the U. S. A.!

"So there you are. We've got it all over Europe. They simply want to make all they can out of us. And so—a thing that so many Americans can't understand, without they've had the privilege of studying Europe first-hand—our game is to keep clear of Europe, and it's my firm conviction, first, last, and all the time, that the man who can best keep us clear of European entanglements is that most American and even Yankee of all our greater statesmen—Calvin Coolidge!

"Now, of course there are those that insist La Follette is basically and fundamentally American. I heard a man in this town—Seneca Doane his name is, crank lawyer, I used to like him, fact he was a classmate of mine, and I agree with him that labor has its rights just as much as capital, providing it doesn't get funny and pull a lot of obstructive strikes and otherwise interfere with the conduct of necessary and constructive business—but I mean, I heard this Doane give a smart-aleck talk about how in Wisconsin La Follette duplicated the simplicity and democracy of the old days, and Doane said he was agin the Supreme Court because the Supreme Court itself was agin the Constitution, and how *he* was the One Hundred Per Cent American and not Daugherty. *All* that junk.

"Now, what are the facts? La Follette is a man that's always talking about public ownership, and from that to communism and chaos there's only one step. And a boy from here that was in Washington representing the *Advocate* for several months tells me that he was on the inside and got all the dope, and seems La Follette has entertained Germans and Russians right in his own home. He lets on to be opposed to the League of Nations and foreign entanglements, but didn't he deliberately go over to Moscow and get right in with that murderous Soviet crowd, here not long ago?

"In other words, he's the sort of fellow that if he once got to be President and was given a free rein, he'd be negotiating with Germany and Russia and France and God knows what all nations, and getting us mixed up with that bunch of has-beens and hoboes and highfalutin' four-flushers over there instead of sticking to business and growing corn and selling real estate.

"Maybe Davis ain't as bad. The papers all say he's a Southern Gentleman, and of course the Southerners are great folks for the home virtues, but still, he's been ambassador to England, and when you think of the way the papers say the Prince of Wales was staying up till all hours dancing every night when he was here, you can readily see that isn't the kind of training you want for a man that's going to keep us free of foreign entanglements, and enable business to have that feeling of security and progress which will enable it to make such extensions as are necessary if we are ever to fulfill our manifest destiny of controlling the industrial affairs of the world and you can't shake a hoof all night and be down at the office at nine. And without that, how is business going to have sufficiently rapid turnovers to assure to every working man that high standard of comfort——

"There was a cartoon in the *Saturday Evening Post* that showed where, unlike Europe, every American laborer owns a nice automobile and a dandy little detached cottage, and you don't find *that* in Europe, do you!

"So that's why I'm going to vote for Coolidge, and I hope I've made my line of reasoning clear to you.

"You see, I've done pretty well in the real-estate game, all things considered. And I want to be permitted to go right on doing well, you can bet your life on that! And if La Follette thinks I'm going to hand my business over to a lot of European paupers or to the Government—well, he guessed wrong, that's all!"

(*To be continued next week*)

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The Prairies Catching Fire

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Minneapolis, Minnesota, October 4

A MORE baffling political campaign this country has never seen—as to that observers are agreed. From State after State comes the same report—from Nebraska, Iowa, Ohio, Illinois—and it reads: "Everything confused here." Even in Minnesota the evidence is extraordinarily conflicting, so that he who would prophesy must take serious chances with his reputation. Men of absolute reliability come to you and tell you of conditions in their section of the State and five minutes later their statements are flatly contradicted by the next man you meet. In Urbana, Illinois, some people told me that the nearby farmers were either for Coolidge or apathetic; others declared that the German-American farmers in the vicinity were unanimously for La Follette and that there was a good deal of stirring and unrest among the others. A traveling man testified that the tide had been setting to La Follette, but that it had turned and was now favoring Coolidge. Meanwhile the La Follette workers assure me that their candidate gets stronger every day! What should one believe?

Now, as a result of all these contradictions and cross currents I am prepared to prophesy that La Follette will either carry three States or a dozen between Ohio and California; and I venture that with no little trembling, so much depends upon the work done by all the parties between now and election day. Can the farmers in Illinois and Ohio be reached by the Progressives? Can the Republican vote be got out in Minnesota? Will there be money enough for the La Follette campaign, time to get a large band of speakers under way, and to send out a lot of printed matter? How far will the skyrocketing prices of rye and wheat affect the farmer vote? Will the Republicans at last get their campaign under way and if so will they concentrate on several doubtful States as they seem to have decided to on Iowa and flood them with money, of which they have such an abundance? If one knew the answer to such questions prophesying would be easier. Meanwhile it is only safe to say that La Follette's chances are improving all along the line in the Central West, that the other parties are slow to their tasks, and that among their followers there is genuine apathy, while the La Follette workers are bending to their tasks with an enthusiasm and a devotion which in considerable degree offset their lack of experience and their empty treasuries.

Money, organization, and leaders—how much they mean in a hastily improvised campaign like this one cannot appreciate until one goes from city to city and State to State. There are fine men at work both from the ranks of labor, from the Farmer-Labor forces, and from the general liberal public. Many of them are learning the game as they go along and are building their machines as best they may when their cupboards are bare. Men and women work long, long hours, night after night; they iron out difficulty after difficulty only to confront others. And yet the progress made has been amazing. Everywhere the La Follette forces have been the first to get under way and the publicity they achieve is remarkable.

Middle-class citizens have been so stuffed with the Coolidge myth and the assurances of most of the big dailies that Coolidge will be elected by a landslide that the election is to them not a bit of a sporting event. He is more interested in the baseball pennants and scandal than in his politics and, if he is a Democrat, he at least has the excuse that party leaders and spellbinders have let him alone much longer than usual. But the farther west you get the less the apathy is.

Here in Minnesota politics are really teeming. They are not only helping to choose the President; they are electing a Senator to succeed Magnus Johnson, and also choosing a Governor. The election is really in the air and the campaigning bears many of the old familiar aspects. The Farmer-Laborites are out to win and even the Republican headquarters admit privately that La Follette will carry this State. They also believe that Magnus Johnson will be defeated and so do many newspaper men, but the Republican leaders are not rejoicing over that, for Congressman Thomas D. Schall, who is running against Johnson, was not their choice. Even though he is out for Coolidge and Dawes, they feel, with justice, that he is not to be relied upon by them or by the Progressive group in Congress—he is a vacillating person. But he is a robust campaigner who makes a sympathetic appeal because he has been blind for eighteen years and is led on to the platform by his wife. Many of those who are most prominent in Schall's campaign admit that they will vote for La Follette; just as many Farmer-Laborites tell you they will bolt Johnson—a situation characteristic of the cross-currents.

The outcome of all the contests in Minnesota now rests upon developments in the Twin Cities. The rural districts seem overwhelmingly for La Follette and Johnson—to a lesser degree for the latter. If there is a large registration in St. Paul and Minneapolis, particularly of women, it will threaten the Progressive national and State tickets, for the bulk of the women are conservative. Magnus Johnson was elected in an off year and in the middle of summer. There is always a much larger vote in a presidential year than in the off ones and the growth of the electorate makes people believe that this year no less than 700,000 votes will be cast—Johnson won last year with 325,000. Yet there is absolute confidence, even among the political writers on hostile papers, that La Follette at least will win.

In Illinois the situation is far more difficult to analyze. It is generally agreed that Governor Len Small, who so nearly went to prison last year, will walk off with the gubernatorial prize this year, his being the good luck to have the enmity of the Chicago *Tribune*. To have the *Tribune's* support these days is to court defeat. Ex-Governor Deneen, the Republican candidate, is also picked to win the Senatorship. But when you enter the national field the evidence is once more so conflicting as to make guessing impossible. La Follette is running well in Chicago, in the coal-mining districts in the southern part of the State, and in certain farming sections where German-Americans predominate. It is conservative to say that 60 per cent of the large German-American population of the State will cast their ballots for La Follette.

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The Negroes are standing by Coolidge despite his silence on the Klan, or are going to Davis. No effective work is being done among them for the third party, which has not picked the right persons to handle the situation. The middle class and the business crowd are as everywhere overwhelmingly for Coolidge, but they are so certain of victory that they are not working or caring, and that is helping the "radicals." Probably the leaders will scare them into activity a little later. Meanwhile, in view of the uncertainty as to the attitude of the farmers, I cannot place this State in the La Follette column. I believe that it will stand by its own beloved Dawes and Coolidge by a large majority.

In Ohio things bear still another aspect; there the big cities are going for La Follette. This is conceded by the local political writers. In Dayton, for instance, at a recent mayoralty election the Socialists needed only 2,000 more votes to carry the city. The La Follette managers are confident that they will add so many liberal votes to the enrolled Socialists that they will easily carry the city. The Socialists are running the campaign and are working hard for victory. A leading journalist admitted this and at the same time spoke of the unparalleled lack of interest in the other camps. He had heard nothing of any stirring at Democratic headquarters, and the Republicans had only the night before agreed upon a campaign chairman and ended dangerous internal dissensions. In Cleveland the State La Follette organization, a group of able young men, is certain that not only the city and county but that the State will be carried by the Progressives. Newspaper men of varying faiths conceded Dayton and Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Columbus, and Hamilton. But here again the question is, what will the farmers do? The La Follette leaders admit that they have not reached them. Railroad labor is unanimous for La Follette; if the other unions are not similarly united, that is because a number of labor leaders have had in the past very close associations with the Republican or Democratic machines and are not so easily detached from those alliances. But Peter Witt of Cleveland uttered a brilliant and a most illuminating truth when in one of his speeches he remarked: "Of course no labor leaders can deliver the whole labor vote in this election, because labor has delivered its leaders." That is literally the case; the leaders have in many instances been pushed into the movement by the demand from underneath that the La Follette ticket be supported.

In Ohio the movement has undoubtedly reached a great many of the men of the type to be found in city clubs everywhere. The third party is being taken seriously and earnestly discussed. On the other hand, two planks in the La Follette platform are keeping near-liberals from joining the movement—the Supreme Court and government-ownership issues—as if they were immediate questions. Upon them the conservative press, both Democratic and Republican, is pounding away. As the local press in the country districts is the usual machine-made type, the Ohio farmer is only getting the Republican point of view. If he can be educated, if the apathy among the old-line voters continues, if the money which is beginning to come in to La Follette headquarters in an increasing stream continues to pour in and effective campaigning is done, it is possible that Mr. Coolidge will be in for a severe shock when he reads the returns from Ohio. Certainly that State owes it to itself to purge its good name of the shame of the "Ohio gang."

Obviously in all that I have written there are many buts and ifs. That is unavoidable. But the amazing thing that I cannot get over is that so hastily improvised a machine has accomplished so much with so little means. The progress of the movement is astounding, for, aside from Ohio, where the Scripps newspapers are so powerful, there is very little newspaper support. The news of the movement goes from hand to hand, from mouth to mouth. The gospel is spread in the lodges, in the clubs, and in the hotel lobbies. One is astounded where one finds converts and that the converts are so comparatively well-informed. It all goes to prove that the country is ripe for the movement and there are many at the Chicago La Follette headquarters who believe that had they received in July a half million dollars in cash the country could have been carried. One cannot escape the poignant regret that the campaign could not have been planned, at least on paper, and organized last February or March. Had Senator La Follette announced his candidacy then instead of in July the old parties would be scared to death today.

Equally amazing is the profound feeling of gratitude and affection to Robert La Follette and the loyalty to him of the masses who have enrolled under his banner. He is accepted with absolute fidelity as the one man above all others to lead; no one questions that he is by himself in public affection; no one says: "I wish it had been Borah or Norris." There isn't a single audience that does not applaud enthusiastically references to his war record. I have not spoken to one which did not cheer the bravery, the determination, and the unselfish service he has rendered; even the supporters of Coolidge and Davis in the hall seem to hold La Follette in respect. Of course in the Republican meetings they applaud when La Follette is described as an imp of Satan—but not in Minnesota. In St. Paul Dawes came a terrible cropper when he was asked about his connection with the Lorimer bank scandal. He got off that phrase about "sulphuretted hydrogen" and then, to everybody's amazement, offered no defense of his acts in that connection and collapsed, sitting down and ending his speech after he had been talking for only twenty-five minutes. Even his supporters were dumfounded and I have heard of several persons who went there intending to vote for him, but changed their minds when he refused to answer in the bank matter. His abuse of La Follette and insistence that it is all a revolutionary movement may go down in some Eastern communities; they are too sophisticated in the West to swallow such stuff.

It only remains to say that as there is no Democratic Party left worthy of the name in Minnesota, so the evidence of decay in the party in Ohio and Illinois is on every hand and that will still be true even if by reason of the contest between La Follette and Coolidge Davis should carry those States and Indiana. The Democratic Party has no catchword, no slogans with which to charm, and no planks to call either for attack or condemnation or for enthusiastic devotion and loyalty. Its publicity work is pitifully inadequate.

Finally, the question one asks oneself wherever one goes: Is there a silent undercurrent for Coolidge or for La Follette? Over that question people are racking their brains without reaching a satisfactory reply. One can only wonder if there is such an undercurrent and if on election day it will sweep Coolidge into office or give La Follette so many electoral votes as to throw the election into Congress. The issue is likely to become more confused rather than more clarified as the remaining weeks pass.

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Dawes: First Aid to Swindlers

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

CHARLES G. DAWES has declared that the real issue in this campaign is law enforcement and the preservation of the Constitution. In view, therefore, of Mr. Dawes's passionate lip devotion to law enforcement and respect for law, his own record is especially interesting. To those to whom Mr. Dawes's type is familiar, it will be no shock to learn that he was personally involved in a shady piece of financial shystery, evasion of law, and deception of public officials, full details of which together with the rebuke of Mr. Dawes by the Supreme Court of Illinois, can be found in the following reported cases: Golden *vs.* Cervenka, 278 Ill. 409; Chicago Title & Trust Co. *vs.* Central Trust Company, 224 Ill. App. 474; Chicago Title & Trust Co. *vs.* Central Trust Company, 312 Ill. 396.

"On the minute! On the minute!
When common labor asks for rights
Give 'em hell—and keep 'em humble,
Show 'em how a 'patriot' fights."

The story, in brief, is somewhat as follows. Mr. Dawes, after serving four years as United States Comptroller of the Currency, a position given him in return for his services in the Bryan-McKinley campaign of 1896, retired in 1902 to organize a bank, the Central Trust Company. The bank prospered. Some years later William Lorimer, who was thrown out of the United States Senate on account of the bribery of the Legislature which had sent him to Washington, opened a national bank in Chicago. This bank's condition became so critical that it was refused Chicago clearing-house privileges, and the Comptroller of the Currency was on the point of suspending it. Lorimer decided to "reorganize" the moribund bank, transforming it into a State bank; for the purposes of the reorganization it was necessary to satisfy the State Auditor of Public Accounts that the bank was possessed of $1,250,000 "actually paid in in cash," and that such cash "is now in the hands of the proper officers of said association . . . and is to be used by them solely in the legitimate business" of the newly organized bank. Lorimer had no such sum; so after vain efforts to obtain it from other banks, he appealed to Mr. Dawes, president of the affluent Central Trust Company, and his intimate political associate. Mr. Dawes, without the knowledge or consent of the directors of his bank, delivered to Lorimer $1,250,000 in cash belonging to the Central Trust Company, to deceive the auditor and the public. He was successful; the auditor's representative counted the cash and returned it to Lorimer, giving him a certificate authorizing him to start his bank; the cash was then returned to the Central Trust Company, and Lorimer's bank was started. When Lorimer's bank crashed, thousands of depositors lost their savings. On June 12, the very day that Mr. Dawes was nominated for Vice-President, the Supreme Court of Illinois entered a final decree holding Mr. Dawes's bank liable for the loss caused by this illegal transaction and for the money "wrongfully taken by it."

It is worth emphasis that when Mr. Dawes allowed $1,250,000 of the funds of the Central Trust Company (of which he was president) to be counted as Lorimer's money, in order to deceive the State auditor, he did so without having the least authority from the owners of that money. Mr. Dawes sees nothing incongruous in a man with such a record setting out to convert his countrymen to a reverence for law and a passion for law enforcement!

On Tuesday morning, September 2, 1922, when Mr. Dawes opened his Chicago *Tribune* he might have read the speech of Attorney General Daugherty asking Judge Wilkerson to enjoin the strike of the shopmen. "So long and to the extent that I can speak for the Government of the United States," roared that now disgraced gentleman, "I will use the power of the Government of the United States within my control to prevent the labor unions of this country from destroying the open shop." Perhaps it was this announcement on the part of the most influential man in the Harding Administration which aroused Mr. Dawes to enthusiasm. Not long afterward, in a speech before the Union League Club of Chicago, he said:

> The Daugherty injunction in my judgment future generations will regard as the beginning of a new era of law and order in this country, because our government, through it, announces that the right of a man to work is as sacred as the right of a man to stop work.

About this time the Citizens' Committee to Enforce the Landis Award, a notorious open-shop crew led by Jim Patten, the wheat gambler, and the Donnelleys, bitter anti-union printers, was busily smashing the building-trade unions of Chicago. This is the way Mr. Dawes characterized these gentlemen:

> As what I will have to say is connected with militant good citizenship, I want Mr. James A. Patten of the Landis Award Committee, whom I see in the audience, to take his

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seat on the stage while I speak. If Mr. R. R. Donnelley is here I want him to come up also. It is a good thing for an American audience once in a while to get face to face with the men who are fighting their fight. Here is one of them, one of the bravest [referring to Mr. Patten]. In these days of the evasion of the real issue by politicians, of the exclusion from political platforms of those issues which concern the inalienable rights of the individual, it is a great honor to have one of the fighters for those rights before us.

He then went on to eulogize the open shop, declaring it to be embodied in our bill of rights, "for the general recognition of which millions have died and mankind throughout the ages has passed through martyrdom."

Not many days afterward Mr. Dawes was the golf partner of President Harding on Edward McLean's Florida houseboat expedition. Before leaving this affable company Mr. Dawes took the correspondent of the New York *Times* into his confidence; from him we learn that Mr. Dawes was so pleased with the "announcement" of Mr. Daugherty that he wanted it to be the basis of the 1924 campaign. Quoting from that newspaper, page 1, of the issue of April 1, 1923:

> Having a far-reaching bearing on the 1924 campaign is the discovery during President Harding's Florida trip of a loosely organized but nevertheless strong movement for a declaration by the Republican Party in favor of the open shop and the shaping of the national campaign upon this and a law-and-order issue. . . . It is on the open-shop question that these men of affairs . . . would have the next presidential campaign fought. They urge that sooner or later this matter must be settled before there can be any industrial peace. . . .
>
> The chief spokesman of this movement to President Harding has been Charles G. Dawes. The former Director of the Budget declared frequently on the trip that he is through with holding office. Apparently, however, he is not through with politics, and it is safe to say that he will be heard from in Illinois, taking part in a movement to purge Chicago of political labor leaders. . . .
>
> As far as has been discovered the movement in which Mr. Dawes is active, and which came to light during President Harding's Florida visit, is not organized. . . . Taking part in it are several men who built up sentiment favorable to Mr. Harding among Eastern bankers, before the 1920 campaign.

Mr. Dawes returned to Chicago and proceeded to put his plans into effect, and a few weeks later we hear of the formation by him of the Minute Men of the Constitution. The purpose of this organization, according to its founder, is "to obtain delegates from Illinois to the Republican and Democratic . . . conventions, pledged to support the inclusion . . . in the platform of each party" of certain planks, all dealing vaguely with law and order and respect for the Constitution. Daugherty's "announcement," made in the course of his stump-speech to Judge Wilkerson, finds an honored place as Plank Four:

> Indorsing the announced position of the Government of the United States, maintaining the right of a citizen to work without unlawful interference is as sacred as the right of a citizen to cease work, irrespective of whether he is or is not a member of a labor or other organization.

Then Mr. Dawes and some of his associates set out to make Illinois safe for Mr. Dawes's private "constitution," by means of a speaking tour through the State. The plan was to announce a meeting to discuss law enforcement and the Constitution. Such a meeting was held in Springfield, for example, under the auspices of the Mid-Day Luncheon Club. Mr. Dawes singled out for vituperation John H. Walker, president of the Illinois Federation of Labor, and a highly respected citizen of Springfield. He charged Mr. Walker with being a dangerous citizen and accused him of attacking the Constitution. At the close of the meeting he shouted: "Now, then, everybody who is in favor of the Constitution of the United States, stand up!" Of course, the entire audience arose. "I thought so. Now you're all members in good standing of the Minute Men of the Constitution. There are no duties, no dues, and no meetings." This performance was repeated throughout the State, but with particular success in the wealthy suburban towns near Chicago. It is not only amusing but significant that immediately following this Springfield meeting the secretary of the Mid-Day Luncheon Club wrote to Mr. Walker, apologizing for the aspersions cast upon his citizenship by the boiling brigadier and assuring him that these views were in no wise shared by his listeners.

Mr. Dawes had an opportunity to translate his notions into action in the Cook County judicial election on November 6, 1923. One of the judges seeking reelection was Dennis E. Sullivan, an able and vigorous lawyer, who as a judge had flagrantly abused the writ of injunction against the workers of Chicago. Another contestant was former Judge Jesse E. Holdom, who when a judge had unhesitatingly issued drastic injunctions against union activity. When the depositors of the defunct Lorimer bank pressed their claims for fraud against the Dawes bank in June, 1920, Judge Holdom was so eager to protect Mr. Dawes that a leading member of the Chicago bar publicly described the result as "a gross breach of judicial duty" and "one of the most barefaced and shameless attempts to pervert justice which has ever been made within the history of the administration of justice in Cook County."

Early in October, 1923, a committee on injunctions was named by the Chicago Federation of Labor. These fifteen men (including such generally respected and conservative leaders as John Fitzpatrick, Victor Olander, and Matthew Woll) issued a report addressed to the liberty-loving citizens of the country, which declared that "government by injunction has become a menace to free citizenry," and urged the defeat of Sullivan and Holdom. This was the signal for what Mr. Dawes described (in a pamphlet which his followers of the Minute Men now take great pains to keep hidden) as "The First Fight of the Minute Men of the Constitution." Meetings of the Minute Men were held throughout the country towns in the county, in which it was represented that the Chicago Federation of Labor had taken a stand against law and order and the Constitution. The only reason these "Red labor demagogues" opposed the use of the injunction, Mr. Dawes assured his audiences, was that it "restrains men who want to assault and kill from carrying out such practices"! Although both Sullivan and Holdom were badly outdistanced in the city vote, the efforts of the Minute Men in the country towns elected both. The following morning Judge Sullivan called upon Mr. Dawes and thanked him for securing his reelection.

That same evening the truculent general was the speaker (and Judge Sullivan an honored guest) at a meeting of the Chicago Association of Commerce. In his address he first disarmed his fellow-conservatives of the Democratic faith by declaring that "I am not running for

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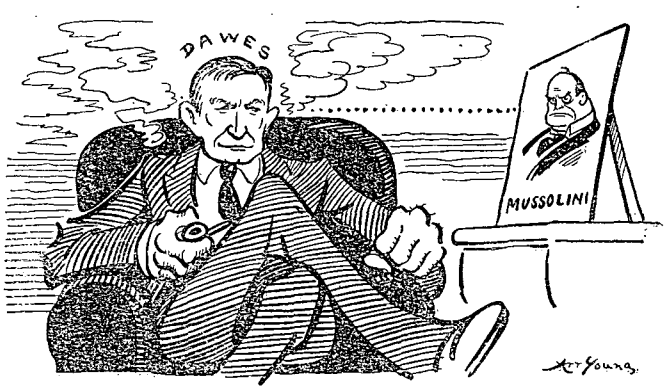
office and you cannot make me run for office," and then went on to denounce those labor leaders who had opposed the reelection of the injunction judges. He said:

> What is this claptrap about injunctions? Is there a man here . . . whether he belongs to a union organization or not, that does not know what the claptrap is about? Is it feared on the part of Sam Gompers, John H. Walker, and Victor Olander that it is encroachment upon the liberty of the American people by injunctions? What they are afraid of is not encroachment upon the liberties of American citizens; *they fear the encroachment of their privilege to assault American citizens and kill American citizens when they go peacefully to their work.*

His remaining pyrotechnics consisted of a discourse on the meaning of the Constitution, involving a theory as simple as it is outrageous: that the Constitution makes it *mandatory* upon our judges to issue injunctions against the workers whenever they strike, threaten to strike, or in any other way interfere with the plans of their employer.

Now, as every competent lawyer knows, this is utter nonsense; the Constitution does no such thing. And nothing will more quickly increase dissatisfaction with the operation of our constitutional form of government than the dogmatic assertion—by men enjoying the prestige of Mr. Dawes's party position—that the judicial conduct which many have come to find tyrannical and arbitrary is not due to the errors or abuses of individual judges, but is commanded by the fundamental law of the land, by the very form of our government itself. Mr. Dawes turns the resentment of the victims of government by injunction from the judges who have abused that writ to the Constitution itself, and to that extent weakens the confidence of the masses in the Constitution. And yet this is the man who has the effrontery to go about the country posing as the savior of the Constitution from the "enemies of constitutional government."

Let no one be confused as to the real issue in all this hubbub Mr. Dawes raises about the "attack on the Constitution." On one side is a sort of strait-jacket, the private "constitution" of Mr. Dawes, labeled "Made in Evanston," and designed to safeguard Mr. Dawes and his companions, the open-shoppers, the financial pirates, the Daughertys, the Sinclairs, the McLeans, the Burnses, the Falls, et al.; on the other side is the Constitution of the United States, a human, flexible medium of government, devised 137 years ago by shrewd, foresighted, but fallible men to meeting changing needs in a changing world, a document which purports first of all to protect human rights and human liberties. The most significant result of the coming election will be the attitude which the American people take on this vital and clear-cut issue.



Nicaragua Pecking the Shell

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

A CHARMING young Nicaraguan comes to my house. He is extremely charming. He is extremely intelligent. Yet he does not seem entirely to adore the United States.

This amazes me. It does not seem to amaze that literary psychological person, Heywood Broun, of the New York *World*, who happens to be present at the time. Heywood Broun and the young Nicaraguan seem jointly perfectly to understand why a young Nicaraguan, charming and intelligent, might not entirely adore the United States. I attribute these things to psychology. They are beyond politics.

The young Nicaraguan tells a most delightful story about the present President of Nicaragua. In Nicaragua, it appears, there has been a custom whereby processions of school-children (and other such demonstrations) happen on the Fourth of July in compliment, obsequiously, to the United States. The present President of Nicaragua, it appears, omitted these demonstrations. Instead he said: "Let us wait to see what demonstrations are made in the United States in honor of Nicaragua's national holiday." Thus he saved himself from having any demonstrations in Nicaragua for us at all.

Heywood Broun laughed. Heywood Broun does not care how far he goes. I cautiously proceeded to inquire about politics.

My young Nicaraguan was highly informing about politics. This new Nicaraguan President—Martinez—pronounced with the accent on the second syllable and with the "i" as "ee" and with the "z" as "s"—is a full-blooded and full-brained Indian. He is a one-hundred-per-center. He has paid off the money owed by Nicaragua to bankers in Wall Street on the Nicaraguan National Railway. He also has paid off to bankers in Wall Street the money owed by Nicaragua on the Nicaraguan National Bank. It is different from any situation that has existed in Nicaragua since somewhere along about 1913. Nicaragua, it appears, is freeing itself from the clutches of Wall Street and Charles Evans Hughes.

Heywood Broun looks pleased. He seems to rejoice in the freeing of Nicaragua from being improved by Mr. Hughes. He seems, I think, to remember that both Mr. Hughes and the Reverend John Roach Straton of New York are Baptists. He seems to be against the improvement of others by Baptists whether at home or abroad.

Our charming Nicaraguan, so well grounded in finance, so well rounded in belles lettres, so well able to chat or even chatter with Mr. Broun, tells us now about a new election which presently will happen in Nicaragua. Now in fact it already has happened. It was last Sunday, October 5. It is history.

Its details, its results, we cannot yet know. The returns are slow. Our young Nicaraguan, before it has happened, has told us thoroughly about it:

Mr. Hughes is determined on "constitutionality" in this election. If it is not conducted sufficiently formally and correctly, Mr. Hughes may refuse to recognize the winner of it. In the recent election in Mexico, this policy was all

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right. It worked out to favor Mr. Calles, the candidate of Labor. In Nicaragua it may work out to hurt the candidate of Labor. This candidate is Solarzano. Calles was in right with the election officials of Mexico. Solarzano is in wrong with the election officials of Nicaragua.

Mr. Hughes supported righteousness by supporting constitutionality in Mexico. He is supporting wickedness by supporting constitutionality in Nicaragua. So says our young Nicaraguan.

Mr. Hughes undeviatingly pursues the theory, the principle, that Latin-American countries near us must learn how to conduct elections. These elections may be temporarily rather rough-stuff. In time they perhaps will become more refined.

They must become more refined. Practice makes perfect. Latin-American elections in these countries will improve. In time they will be all right. Meanwhile we must stick by elections and reprove revolutions. We must refuse to recognize the presidents produced by revolutions, which are relatively bad. We must give our recognition to presidents produced by reasonably lawful and honest elections, which relatively are good.

Thus Mr. Hughes. Inflexibly he pursues this policy whether it produces radical presidents in Mexico or may produce conservative presidents in Nicaragua.

Our young Nicaraguan cannot disapprove the results of Mr. Hughes's policy in Mexico. He yet can—and does—disapprove the potential results of Mr. Hughes's policy in Nicaragua. Those results may be, he thinks, that the "conservative" elements in Nicaragua, possessing most of the judges of the election, may relatively "constitutionally" and relatively "lawfully" win the election, and yet the "liberals" and "laborites," of whom he is one, may really have a majority of the voters and may really numerically have a right to rule the country.

He is out to assert that right. With him he has a young Mexican. The two of them are out to assert the right of Nicaragua to produce its own government, in its own way, irrespective of Mr. Hughes and irrespective of the United States. It is for me to be scandalized. I am a political reporter. I am not a war correspondent. These young gentlemen are about to depart for Nicaragua to put some manhood—to put, that is, some barricades and barrages—into the Nicaraguan election.

Heywood Broun is quite against war. He also, however, is quite for liberalism. Strange how a pacifist and a nationalist may in some circumstances be equally silent! Neither Heywood Broun nor I restrained our young Nicaraguan and our young Mexican on their way to Nicaragua to barricades and barrages.

They went.

The election was last Sunday. What happened I do not know. I only know that Mr. Hughes presumably is standing out for what in the end will be most orderly and will be best for the western hemisphere and for the world. Mr. Hughes is standing out against rough-stuff and bloodshed. Mr. Broun and I, on the contrary, are engaged in saying an affectionate farewell to gentlemen presumably about to grasp rifles.

Let Mr. Broun explain it. Our Nicaraguan, our Mexican go. The election was last Sunday. I stand in fact for the policy of my country. I give in truth my heart to those gentlemen—to those great gentlemen. I suppose they are large persons now in Nicaragua, or dead.

Directions for Burial

By WILLIAM A. NORRIS

(I have lain dead in windy places;
I have been blown in the dust of shattered rocks,
Tumbled over the stones of streams,
Floated slow in the deep green womb of a river;
I have been dropped on the pallid feet of seaweeds.)

Fasten the lid with nails,
Put a stone on my chest,
Go away with your tears and laughter . . .
The small white teeth of the frost will find me out,
The rain will come with a trowel to set me free;
I shall be going home to the wind and water,
The cleft red earth and the rock.

A School for Workers' Children

By DEVERE ALLEN

A CENTURY ago American labor was deeply interested in elementary and secondary schools. That today labor needs to give fresh thought to the education of its children is beginning to be realized by some people in the labor movement. Manumit School, near Pawling, New York, amid the rolling hills of Dutchess County, may mark the entrance of American labor on a new and significant program of experimental education.

Manumit School symbolizes an alliance of progressive labor and progressive education. On Saturday, September 6, seventy representatives of organized labor and educational movements journeyed to Pawling for a two days' conference. Right on the spot where the enterprise is to be carried out the special problems involved in such a pioneering venture were discussed and an association was formed to direct the affairs of the school. This association will include the originators of the school, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Fincke; the faculty; and people from the educational and labor world. A. J. Muste, head of the faculty of Brookwood Workers' College, is chairman of the executive board. The school has had a small-scale tryout for a year; but the leasing of the property by the association from Mr. and Mrs. Fincke and the other owners, at a dollar a year, means that the educational project, along with the use of a fertile, 177-acre farm, numerous buildings, and fifty head of dairy cattle, has been presented to the labor movement.

Manumit is a residential school. It operates through the usual school year of nine months, and accepts this year children from nine to fourteen years of age. Each succeeding year it expects to take in children one year older until, in time, it will prepare for college. Parents are expected to pay the actual costs of their children's attendance at the school; but where it is found necessary charges may be adjusted in each case. The school is less interested in a child's capacity to pay a full fee than in his capacity for service after he has finished at Manumit.

Children at Manumit will have every advantage of a vigorous outdoor life; the school is situated in a beautiful valley high above sea level, surrounded by wooded hills which challenge both leg muscles and imagination. The

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school's garden and cattle supply fresh vegetables and milk, and the food is prepared under the guidance of a trained dietitian. The surplus milk is marketed through the co-operative New York State Dairymen's League, and is handled as a school job in which students share responsibility. A clear mountain stream runs through the farm, affording swimming and wading pools; and mountain springs furnish an abundance of pure drinking water.

But there is more for workers' children than ideal physical surroundings. There is an atmosphere of home life, good fellowship, community living, cooperative government, democracy, intellectual alertness, spiritual aspiration. "A new social order"—these words ran through all the discussion at the conference, as they run through all the school's announcements, a bright cord of faith on which all other things of life are strung. There is at Manumit no emphasis on competition; there is little to encourage individual domination; and yet each child has an opportunity to develop his individual interests and capacities in a spirit of freedom. "Manumit," says one of the school's announcements, "will have no didactic, authoritarian 'teaching'; nor passive, obedient 'learning.'" At Manumit there is no need of formal, rigid discipline imposed from above, for there *is* no "above" in the usual sense. Rather, the constant sharing of responsibility in the manual labor of the farm and home, and the type of community living which is the core of the Manumit idea, tend to form habits of self-discipline, mutual helpfulness, and social outlook.

Six mornings a week are devoted to study, thus freeing a good deal of the students' time for recreation, dramatics, and other informal activities of the school community. The "study," however, does not mean merely the reading of books in preparation for an old-fashioned recitation, although students have every opportunity to acquire a love of reading. It means work in one or another kind of laboratory, in arts and crafts, in group discussions, on the school periodical, in the printing shop.

In short, Manumit School will adapt to its own needs the most appropriate methods which have been developed in other experimental schools, such as the Fairhope School, the Stelton School, the Walden School, the City and Country School, the Lincoln School, and the schools operating under the Dalton plan; but it will not slavishly imitate any one of these. It will regard itself as a growing, developing project, subject to the criticisms and suggestions of its friends in the educational and labor world, striving to make itself a more and more effective instrument for the service of the labor movement.

Does this mean that Manumit School is a place where children are to be pumped full of propaganda, or indoctrinated with all kinds of labor isms? Anyone voicing this natural inquiry would have found a reassuring answer from the discussions at the recent conference. The people behind Manumit realize that the American labor movement itself has its numerous wings and divisions of opinion. But more than this, they have an acute realization of the pedagogical difficulty of teaching rigid systems of prescribed thought to children, should they wish to do so; and they do not wish to do so, for they know that nothing in the long run could so harm the labor cause as to unfit labor's children for that scientific, discriminating independence on which its future strength so largely rests. What Manumit stands for, in its relation to labor, is the free, untrammeled inquiry of the child's mind, when he displays a readiness for it, into the basic functions, problems, and ideals of the toilers, which in the public schools are deliberately withheld from his intellectual and emotional experience.

In what way does this school differ from the other well-known "free" or "modern" schools? Unlike, perhaps, a majority of these other schools, which take as pupils mainly the children of professional and middle-class families, with a sprinkling of wage-workers' children for variety, Manumit, by reversing this situation, will more accurately approximate the proportions of the adult world. Also, while it will not employ the general methods of the ordinary public schools, Manumit plans to keep its students at each age abreast of public-school measures of performance, as some of the modern schools do not. This effort is not undertaken to prove the school's comparative efficiency; and, in fact, it is undertaken with considerable reluctance. But if its children are to come from workers' families, who have to move about a good deal and who face economic uncertainties that might compel withdrawal of their children and their entrance into a regular public school, Manumit does not want these children to be lost in the public-school process, unideal as that process usually is. This much of a concession to circumstances seems dictated by necessity; but the teachers at the heart of the Manumit experiment will need to exercise great vigilance lest the pressure of public-school standards have too potent an influence on day-by-day instruction technique. Of this danger they are doubtless well aware.

No one connected with Manumit, I am sure, would look upon the project as a simple one. Entirely aside from the intricate questions of instruction and the tasks of finance, there will be from time to time, no doubt, many delicate and difficult problems of administration. It could hardly be otherwise with an enterprise so hitherto untried. However, if the promise of the school thus far and the quality of the support given to it by labor and education can be taken as portents of the future, somewhere, scattered about in workers' homes, are fortunate children who may go to Manumit and some day do good works to the glory of our pioneers in labor education.

In the Driftway

THE DRIFTER has never been one of those whose coffee tasted sour unless the morning newspaper were propped against the cream jug, and he is about to give up newspaper reading entirely. There is too much foreign news in the newspapers, and it is all bad news. The Drifter does not refer to the decay of capitalist civilization. The newspapers never note that anyway, and he would not be unduly depressed if they did. Nor does he refer to the half-dozen wars in various parts of the world while the League of Nations is arguing about what the headlines call an "arms pact." The Drifter is a romanticist, not a moralist, and wars in sufficiently remote spots suggest pleasant adventures to his imagination. What disgusts the Drifter are the reports of Progress.

* * * * *

IT was only a few weeks ago that the newspapers noted the installation of a traffic policeman in Papeete. That was enough to ruin Tahiti for any drifter. Tourist automobiles in South Sea islands is a horrid thought. Then

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came the news of the housing shortage in Bagdad; the Government was considering the erection of model apartment houses for the stenographers. That ruined the city of Haroun-al-Raschid. Next the newspapers blazoned a new bolshevik atrocity: Moscow was to bar all horse-drawn vehicles and permit only automobiles in its streets. A Moscow without droschkes and izvostchniks indeed! The Bolsheviks might as well order down all the blue and green and red and gold onion spires of the old city of churches and replace them with uniform gray spires, in accordance with the fashion in this advanced land of drab prosperity. Finally, Mussolini ordered Progress in Italy.

* * * * *

VENICE is to abandon her lovely gondolas; Rome is to have a skyscraper; and Tivoli's falls have been bought by an electric-power corporation. To be sure, there have been motor-boats in the Grand Canal for two decades, and the decline of Venice may well date from the day four centuries ago when some somber old Puritan doge ordered that thenceforth all gondolas must be black. The romance of the gondola was always, to an effete product of civilization like the Drifter, somewhat marred by the sight and smell of dead cats in the picturesque old canals. And Tivoli has been harnessed for a hundred years. The New Fall was artificially established a century ago when engineers diverted the course of the Anio to prevent flooding of the town. The tumbling waters which inspired Horace already help, so prosaic friends tell the Drifter, to push Rome's trolley-cars and light her streets. And there would be a certain justice, the Drifter must admit, in a skyscraper in Italy. The Italians built most of the skyscrapers in America; why should they not have at least one in Rome?

* * * * *

THERE are always excuses for progress, but there is no need of reading about it. The Drifter would like to cut out newspaper-reading altogether and spare himself the sad news of this onward march of civilization. But the same paper that told of the prohibition of horses in Moscow told of the finding of delicate lipsticks in an Egyptian tomb and announced a new discovery of that primeval skyscraper, the Tower of Babel. The Drifter cannot forego such pleasant reminders that there is no such thing as progress after all.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Helping Haiti"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Jolibois, *fils*, the well-known Haitian leader, who is still illegally detained in the American military prison in Port au Prince, Haiti, has just been the victim of another inhuman act. Because the starving Haitians cannot afford to pay the $4,000 which he demands to set Jolibois free High Commissioner Russell ordered him removed to a remote section of the jail, where he had had made a special cell only four feet square.

When the news of this treatment of their leader leaked out, hundreds of Haitians started to march through the streets in sign of protest; but they were quickly dispersed by the gendarmerie, officered by members of the Occupation.

The high commissioner has told the Haitians that their barking (to use his own expression) will be of no avail, as the Washington Government will put the stamp of approval on anything he does in its name.

New York, September 18 JOSEPH MIRAULT

The Russian Red Cross

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During my trial at the Army Building, recently, I was closely interrogated as to my employment during 1922 and 1923 by the Russian Red Cross as secretary of its commission in the United States. There appeared to be some question as to what legitimate work the Russian Red Cross might have to perform in this country. I am inclosing a translation of a letter which has just been received by the Russian Red Cross Commission in America, which, besides illustrating the type of thing the Russian Red Cross Commission tries to straighten out, may be of interest to your readers per se.

PAXTON HIBBEN

South Norwalk, Connecticut, September 17

TRANSLATION

Marquette, Michigan, July 6, 1924

RUSSIAN RED CROSS:

I beg you to help me. I am a Russian. On May 31, 1922, armed robbers fell upon me and at the point of a gun made me lead them to the farms, which were fourteen miles away. That was in Detroit, Michigan, at 9 o'clock in the evening, and the robbers kept me at the farms all night. In the morning they attempted to rob a bank, but were arrested there with my help. I did not realize what the robbers were planning to do, but when I was arrested the prosecutor assured me that the bank was robbed. I told him that the night before I had been compelled at the point of a gun at 9 o'clock to lead the robbers to the farms, which were fourteen miles away. The prosecuting attorney then asked me who I was. I said: "A Russian." He jumped up then and went away, and in the morning two State policemen were sent to me. They kept beating me for two days. I was deathly frightened by the robbers and when the policemen beat me up, in addition, I became unconscious and did not know when they left me.

I was unconscious for two weeks. I had in my pocket $381.18. The officials took this money away from me and did not return it to me. I cannot speak English and am afraid to ask for it. Also in Detroit I had worked for the Wilson Body Company, and $97 was due me from them. This money, too, the authorities collected and impounded. I was kept in prison for eight months before the case came up, and I do not know what the sentence was. Some prison officials told me that I would have to sit in prison for seven years, if no one will help me. I beg you, Red Cross, help me!

JERRY SKOLPENSKY

The Negro and the G. O. P.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No voters have been more loyal to the Republicans than the colored voters. And no voters on earth have been denied their rights and offered more insults, as a reward for their loyalty, than they have. A general exodus from the G. O. P. by the colored voters would be as helpful to the country at large as to the colored race. Segregation and discrimination in the Federal Government departments here in Washington against the colored employees should be a stink in the nostrils of a true and just Republican President. But while his spirit is willing to give justice to the faithful colored voters, his flesh seems to be weak to resist the meanness inaugurated against them by his predecessors in office.

All who are in favor of perpetuating segregation, discrimination, and jim-crowing of the colored employees in the various government departments in Washington, and throughout the entire country, will please step up and vote for Coolidge and Dawes.

Washington, September 29 J. C. CUNNINGHAM

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Books

First Glance

OF new books there may be too many, but the thirst of a seasoned reader for reprints of old—and good—ones is never quenched. Few sensations of the literary sort can have been more agreeable than that of a person who in the middle of the last century watched the Bohn Library grow to its hundredth or two hundredth title, and there is like comfort, though so far on a milder scale, to be taken these days in the steady progress of the series called The Broadway Translations (Dutton), a series edited with both learning and imagination and with the evident hope to make available for modern lay readers the rarest and best of foreign masterpieces. Three recent volumes (each $5) yield extraordinary riches.

"A Book of 'Characters,'" compiled and translated by Richard Aldington, an English poet, was much to be desired in a day devoted among other things to the fine art of satirical portraiture. The battle line against affectation is long just now —stretching all the way from newspaper columnists to novelists and poets, from Don Marquis, say, to Rose Macaulay and H. G. Wells and E. A. Robinson and Edgar Lee Masters. Types of the bore, the brute, the bigot, and the prig are in the way of becoming so familiar that a volume is welcome which collects equivalent specimens from all but forgotten literatures and thus demonstrates—if nothing else—the monotony of human nature. Mr. Aldington has had predecessors in his task, but none of them dug up so much. Here of course is Theophrastus for the Greeks; here are Sir Thomas Overbury and sixty-six other English satirists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; here, best of all, is La Bruyère for the French, commencing his work with the lightest of touches: "Arsène contemplates mankind from the summit of his mind and, seen from that eminence, men frighten him, so to speak, by their littleness." A reformer would learn a great deal about his hopeless trade by coming to Mr. Aldington's feast of folly.

Miles behind in sophistication comes that famous medieval compendium of tales, the "Gesta Romanorum," reissued for the series in a century-old version by Charles Swan. Some of the liveliest stories in the world—stories found elsewhere in Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Shakespeare—lie in this jumble with some of the dullest. But Germany, France, and England loved them all in the Middle Ages, and loved equally the pious "applications" by which one allegorizing priest or another attempted to draw the invention and wit of the East, whence many of these narratives derived, into line with Christian morals. "My beloved, the emperor is our heavenly Father; the elephant is Christ . . . and the iron-bound chest filled with stones is a heart filled with virtues."

The series would be justified if it included nothing besides Aksakov's "Chronicles of a Russian Family," given here in its three parts with only a few omissions. Surely there are few autobiographies so brilliant as this; it deserves to be better known. Sergei Aksakov, who died in 1859, was a very ordinary kind of writer until he was awakened by Gogol. When a homesick boy at school he had been subject to a species of ecstasy that was taken for epilepsy as often as his imagination returned to the beautiful scenes of his yet younger days—a certain enough sign that his genius lay in his memory. Now, under the influence of a consummate realist, that same remembered existence rushed over him and he set it down, proceeding in his passionate researches through the massive figure of his grandfather to the unaccountable, inspired creature who was his mother and finally to himself as child. The record that results is perhaps unique in its brightness and completeness. No other Russian wrote precisely like this man of the perfect memory; no other Russian has written better.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Agricultural Crisis

The Agricultural Crisis, 1920-1923. By R. R. Enfield. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

THERE exists an acute agricultural crisis, it is true, but we are emerging from it now and such an emergence always hides the fact that a chronic difficulty still remains, as indeed it has for fifty years or more. Like a local infection of body tissue it flares up now and again and then dies down. It is always there; and it will always be there until those things are done which have to be done to effect a cure.

It may as well be said at once that we are a long way from political willingness to see the thing through. It looked for a while as though the farm bloc would refuse the various kinds of legislative pap so freely offered by their Eastern friends and, with an eye on their constituencies, who, it appeared, had an eye on them, would hold out for the true medicine. Corn was being burned for fuel, wheat was being fed to stock, and farm children were ill-fed. Farm bankruptcies rose from 6.4 per cent to 17.4 per cent of all bankruptcies. But a comparative crop failure in Canada has increased farm incomes temporarily and relieved the pressure on Congress, which only just failed to pass the McNary-Haugen bill with its sweeping implications of change in policy. The whole matter is forgotten now and everyone is glad the bill failed. We seem to be as far as ever from facing reality.

This reality is very simple too. It consists essentially in the fact that the prices farmers receive are consistently less than those they must pay. They are therefore in a lasting state of bankruptcy. What explains the acute phases of this chronic disease, such as the one we have just passed through, is the fact that, as the general level of prices moves up and down in cyclical fashion, the prices farmers receive vary in their relationship to it. As the general level moves upward farm prices precede it; as it declines farm prices also precede it. This means that as the incomes of all of us increase farmers' incomes increase more rapidly, but that as they fall off farmers' incomes also fall off more rapidly. Now, if the farmers' gains upon the rest of us in times of rising prices equaled or exceeded their losses in times of falling prices there simply would be no agricultural problem. There is no manufacturing problem. But unfortunately what farmers lose is always more than what they gain by probably 10 per cent; they are therefore at an everlasting disadvantage.

A handicap with such perfectly apparent causes would, one might think, form a social problem relatively easily analyzed and settled. But one who thought this would be uncomfortably surprised to find that he might read a long way into the economic literature of our time before he found this contrast appearing clearly, and that he might read a long way further before he struck any clear ideas as to what ought to be done about it. Such a person will welcome Mr. Enfield's book on the agricultural crisis, even though it be a British book. It appears in Mr. Enfield's figures that farmers are not so badly off in the United Kingdom, though conditions there have been bad enough. If prices of farm products in the United States in eighteen months of 1920-1921 fell 54 per cent, in the United Kingdom they fell only 31 per cent; and this last percentage also about measured the fall of the general price level.

Mr. Enfield does not, as we might have liked, go straight to the discussion of his main problem. He has to write a good deal before he sees it; and even then it is not clear at once to an American reader. For his figures are all British and they actually show that in the United Kingdom agricultural prices fell not more but less than other prices. This means that when our Middle West was having a panic all its own, the intensity of which was totally uncomprehended by other industrial groups of the country, British farmers were better off than any other group in the kingdom. There is a lesson in

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this if we will learn it. We might profitably inquire, it seems, why British farmers are better off than our own. Mr. Enfield is naturally led to a somewhat different conclusion than the one we should be forced to by the facts of our own situation. He concludes that for the United Kingdom agricultural difficulties are only part and parcel of larger general ones. We should have to add to this the very special disabilities our farmers suffer.

The progress of the book is through chapters on causes to one on solution, which is conceived in terms of "stabilization." And this suggests—what is perhaps better known among economists here than abroad, thanks to a brilliant generalization of Mr. David Friday—that an upset in the relations between the gross incomes of farmers and of manufacturers involves eventual industrial disaster. The reason of course is that the one group is the customer of the other; any reduction of buying power in either group immediately closes the markets of the other. But farmers cannot shut down, and this is at least one of the secrets of their long disabilities. The weather and the soil share the main responsibility for producing crops, the effort of man being more or less a constant factor, and neither the weather nor the soil is changed on short notice in response to shifts in the prices of the goods they create. Factories can be stopped, machinery can be halted, workers can be turned out; and so the flood of industrial product can be temporarily dammed until prices are restimulated by shortage.

A government willing either to strengthen the farmers' bargaining power or to weaken that of the manufacturers could cure the agricultural sore. All other suggestions are dust thrown in the air, and all other directions for investigation are intended to obscure the main issue: Shall the United States continue to discriminate in favor of manufacturers and against farmers? For a long time a debt has been accumulating to the credit of our farmers, and only the remarkable patience that comes of long seasoning in the sun and wind of rural hillsides and long accustoming to the natural rhythmic changing of the seasons can have prevented until now its collection by some kind of force. In the meantime investigators like Mr. Enfield at home and abroad are supplying the factual contrasts and verities which cannot forever be ignored and which must ultimately find recognition in public policy.

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

Goethe Intime

Goethe: Skizzen zu des Dichters Leben und Werken. Von Hans Gerhard Gräf. Leipzig. H. Haessel. 18 marks.

THIS volume of essays by a well-known Goethe scholar will be welcomed by those who love the memory of the classic days of Weimar and Jena and to whom even the small everyday affairs in the lives of the great men of that epoch are of absorbing interest. Dr. Gräf, himself a native of Weimar, does not, like Friedrich Gundolf, attempt to explain Goethe scientifically as a phenomenon of nature; he does not, like Georg Brandes, try to define him internationally as a force in the spiritual development of mankind. To him Goethe's genius and unique service to the cause of humanity are established facts; and he contents himself with adding to our knowledge of certain parts of his activity and of certain phases and figures of the life that surrounded him. Within this narrower field of investigation Dr. Gräf displays not only a remarkable erudition and mastery of detail, but also a fine insight into human character and a firm grasp of general intellectual problems; and the very simplicity and anecdotal quality of his presentation lend to these sketches a decided personal charm.

The first essay—which, a footnote informs us, was originally published as a separate pamphlet in Swedish—is a study of the interest taken by Goethe, through a large part of his life, in Sweden and in individual Swedes. It can hardly be said that this study reveals any unexpected or new side in the poet's character, but it does acquaint us with a variety of persons whose relations with Goethe in one way or another reveal his habitual large-mindedness and breadth of view. Particularly interesting is what Dr. Gräf relates about his intercourse with a Swedish diplomat, Gustav von Brinckmann, and with the famous Swedish chemist Berzelius. The diplomat's ardent glorification of his own genius and of the superiority of German literature in general Goethe seems to have taken with urbane irony and a good-natured smile; he called his ecstatic admirer an "Allemand enragé" and advised him, in order to cure himself of this hysteria, to go to England and hear the popular slogan of the day: "No German nonsense sways my British heart." Berzelius, in whom he rightly suspected an opponent of his favorite Neptunistic theory of the formation of the earth's crust, he seems to have treated at their first meeting with undisguised coldness and reserve, but only to change his manner to frank cordiality as soon as a successful experiment by Berzelius convinced him of his opponent's scientific originality and preeminence. Regarding Goethe's attitude toward another great Swedish scientist, the botanist Linnaeus, our author records the following characteristic dictum: "Next to Shakespeare and Spinoza no great man among the departed has affected me as much as Linnaeus, chiefly through the opposition which he aroused in me. I have learned immensely from him, only not botany."

While Dr. Gräf through numerous similar cases confirms the correctness of Goethe's own saying: "I have always had a liking for the Swedes," he also shows that his deepest interest in Sweden was of a geological nature. He fairly worshiped Sweden as the land of granite, "the firm and unshaken base upon which the whole surface of the earth has come to rest."

There follow essays on Goethe's various sojourns in Bohemia; on the restless life and tragic death of Goethe's Darmstadt friend Merck; on the curious relation of Goethe and Schiller to Johann Heinrich Voss, the dreamy, sentimental son of the sturdy poet of the same name; on Christiane Vulpius and her unsentimental diary; on the daily affairs of Goethe's last year of life; and on other miscellaneous subjects. All these essays are marked by the same intimate knowledge and the same loving tenderness and regard for everything connected with the greatest epoch of German intellectual history that distinguish the opening essay.

A curious bit of modern German history comes to light in one of the last essays, entitled "Ein Nationalheiligtum der Deutschen." It appears that in connection with the hundredth anniversary of Schiller's death, in 1905, Dr. Gräf had conceived the idea of having the sarcophagi of both Goethe and Schiller removed from their present resting-place, the "Princes' Vault," to a mausoleum of their own, to be built by popular subscription. He felt that their present position in a corner of the vault of the Grand-Ducal family, in company with a score of princely nonentities (Karl August being the only one of his family worthy of their companionship), was an affront to the memory of the two greatest German poets; and he considered the Schiller centennial a proper occasion to remove this blot from the hallowed tradition of his native town. He developed these ideas in an article which, couched in the form of a vision and dwelling mainly upon what the erection of such a sanctuary of the spirit would mean to the whole German people, seemed calculated to avoid any possible offense to the sensibilities of the then reigning Grand Duke. The article was accepted by the foremost German monthly, the Berlin *Deutsche Rundschau.* Proof had been read and the publication had been arranged for in an early number, when through an indiscretion the matter leaked out in Weimar itself. A storm of indignation arose in court circles; Dr. Gräf found himself suddenly a social outcast, a person suspected of undermining allegiance to dynasty and country; the editors of the *Rundschau* were swamped with letters of protest against the publication of so dangerous a manifesto—in short, the article was suppressed. A truly patriotic idea, an appeal for national homage to genius, was smothered

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before its birth by miserable court apprehensions and cabals.

Let us hope that republican Weimar of today will make amends for the failures of courtly Weimar of twenty years ago. Let us hope that the belated publication of Dr. Gräf's essay in the present volume, to which is added a dignified account of the petty intrigues which succeeded in stifling his voice at that time, will now lead to a realization of his dream: the erection of a truly national Goethe-Schiller sanctuary, unimpaired by any belittling restrictions of whatever sort.

KUNO FRANCKE

Good Reporting

The Best News Stories of 1923. Edited by Joseph Anthony. Small, Maynard and Company. $2.50.

THE trained journalist will peruse this collection and nod, taking the mean of excellence as a matter of course. But to the lay reader, who habitually swallows with gulped breakfast coffee his day's allotment of information, at least a trace of revealment is likely to come. For he has merely snatched at the chronicled doings of a day, without discernment, faintly conscious now and then of being gripped by a news narrative. Not one newspaper reader in a thousand actually feels the texture of warp and woof in first or last page paragraphs. Newspaper owners are coming to realize this. Hence the stereotyped dailies of today, so often flavorless—omitting, to be sure, consideration of the so-called "colyums" and the colloquial drama in the go-as-far-as-you-like sporting departments. Mr. Anthony is to be thanked for unearthing such a pocket of nuggets, for one had almost come to believe that the consulship of Plancus has passed in any Park Row. Apparently, however, the zest-in-haste of the reporter on the firing line is not entirely eliminated. There are yet staunch scouts of the news to whom every sudden happening is a challenge to courage and resourceful skill as they tap typewriter keys while copy-boys snatch sheets from their platens, or scribble, illegibly but inspiredly, for the wayside telegraph operator—the wise confederate who has wrought so valiantly to aid in gratifying the fact and color appetite of a voracious but undiscriminating public.

There is only one real test for a news story. It must be written in a hurry. Even a cub may make a fair job of disaster or hectic political crisis if he has leisure in which to concoct his screed. But as Harold J. Learoyd, one-time managing editor of the New York *Evening Post*, used to say, "A slow news day is no news day. The paper could be turned out by the senior class of a young ladies' seminary then. No one is a real reporter until he can qualify with a house of cards tumbling around his ears." Mr. Learoyd got more out of a tiny but hand-picked staff than any executive who sat at an equally littered desk. He knew.

In Mr. Anthony's book there are stories of sorts, grouped by material and treatment. Nearly all were written in a hurry. Therefore they are fair samples. It is a pity that some relentless philanthropist cannot be induced to present this volume to every corporation head, university president, reputedly eminent lawyer, and American statesman with the proviso that it must be read from cover to cover. They would be the better, and wiser, for digesting it. For the hand of well-nigh everyone is turned against the reporter when he takes the trail of news. He is welcome only when a dull ax needs grinding. At other times and seasons he performs intelligence work in an enemy country. How the reporter does what he does as well as he does has ever been the secret marvel of the city desk that flings him forth into No Man's Land. Handicapped in every conceivable way, harassed by the entire gamut of interference—wind and weather, the remorseless clock hands that cannot be shoved back, glittering galaxies of lying statements, conscienceless misrepresentations so that he may be tricked into pandering to insatiate personal ambition, exaggerations petty and huge—he yet touches the spectrum of the news, in the main rarely color blind and, considering the hazardous task of separating the false from the true, rarely misrepresenting with deliberate flagrancy the essence of fact. Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief—scramble them together, and it is a safe wager that their average content of ethical effectiveness is not one whit superior to that of the reporter.

All in all, Mr. Anthony deserves thanks. Yet the retired newsgatherer, repining as veterans do for the good old days, will regretfully wish that someone had been compiling "best" news stories in what Mr. Lawrence Perry delights to term "the golden nineties." There were giants in those days, men of—but no matter. At least one of them is represented in the volume—Mr. Lindsay Denison, of the *Evening World*, with his The Klan Holds a Klavern.

Miss Fannie Hurst never wrote anything quite as real as The Passing of Kid Dropper, which Mr. Louis Weitzenkorn covered for the New York *World*. If you read this when it was printed last August, probably you have forgotten it. Read it once more and see how a story rattled off in a hurry, on a rickety typewriter, can stand the ordeal of becoming cold.

Finally, at least six of the exhibits are the product of former students of the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University. This institution has been in existence only since 1912, which is not a bad omen.

ROBERT EMMET MACALARNEY

By-Products of Espionage

Two Royalist Spies of the French Revolution. By G. Lenotre. Translated from the French by Bernard Miall. Henry Holt and Company. $2.75.

MOST of the authors who have written about the French Revolution have portrayed martyrs, saints, and military heroes; this is the only book that sketches the career of a ludicrous buffoon—and yet there must have been many such. Louis Fauche-Borel was already a joke in his own age; Charles Nodier had his measure and several decades after the Revolution gave an amusing account of him in his "Souvenirs"; yet in some English studies of our own day Fauche-Borel is mentioned with respect as "head of the secret service of Louis XVIII during the Napoleonic regime." If any further deflation was necessary it came at the hands of G. Lenotre, who, several years ago, completed the book now translated into English. Out of forgotten dossiers in the archives of France M. Lenotre has constructed the portrait of this superb clown, this burlesque on human pomposity. The story is almost incredible; but it helps to explain the times, Louis XVIII, and even some of the political phenomena of our own day.

Merely to top off the high spots is unjust to this detailed study, but it is necessary. Fauche-Borel emerged from a small royalist *imprimérie* in Neuchâtel, in 1795, and his first mission was to attempt to bribe General Pichegru to combine his revolutionary Army of the Rhine with the royalist forces of the Prince of Condé. The notorious Comte de Montgaillard, a turncoat if ever there was one, had induced Fauche-Borel to undertake this mission. The latter was a bewildered, vainglorious sort, a small-town man suited to perform small-bore jobs, and so much a Simple Simon that he remained loyal throughout to the cause that he favored. This loyalty was played on by Perlet, another spy, who persuaded Fauche-Borel that he was a royalist, although actually he was in the employ of Veyrat, Napoleon's inspector-general of police. Perlet originated the preposterous hoax that Paris was the headquarters of a large secret royalist committee, and regularly kept Fauche-Borel, then in London, informed of its activities. Fauche-Borel, Louis XVIII, and the British cabinet swallowed the hoax, but when Perlet used it to obtain money the cabinet became wary; Fauche-Borel, however, dispatched his nephew Charles Vitel with a large sum to Paris. There Vitel was arrested as a spy, robbed by Perlet, and promptly shot. Eventually everyone

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seems to have known of the hoax except Fauche-Borel; it was not until he found himself turned away from the court after the restoration that he made inquiries. He brought suit against Perlet and had the latter disgraced, but failed to rehabilitate himself. In 1829, at the age of 67, he threw himself from the roof of a newly purchased hotel in Neuchâtel, a broken-hearted man.

There never was a royalist committee, not even the shadow of proof of one, and yet Louis XVIII and his entourage in England believed in it explicitly. Why? M. Lenotre takes pains to explain that hope, flattery, and ignorance of the true situation inspired this confidence. This leads us to suggest that methods have changed little; and so has human nature. We need only to point to the misinformation dispensed during the late war, and the fervor with which the public clung to its illusions and its chimeras. Nor need one feel that men like Veyrat, Perlet, Montgaillard, Fouché, and Fauche-Borel operated solely in an historic age; they were the antecedents of recent scoundrels and dupes who helped to poison the wells of information and to fill the national archives of all nations with tons of cooked-up "facts" of no value whatsoever. Consider, for instance, one of several incidents of which I had personal knowledge. In 1919, while I was attending the Paris peace conference as a newspaper correspondent, I visited a Negro congress called by W. E. Burghardt DuBois. An agent of the American government, in uniform, called on me the next day and wished to know the purpose of the meeting. I gave him the substance of certain resolutions adopted there which called for equal justice, order, and tolerance. "I know," he exclaimed, as he feverishly scribbled his notes, "starting a revolution, that's what they're doing. We'll get them. We'll revoke their passports." If his report helps encumber our national archives, it is my hope that the future historian will read it with the perspicacity with which M. Lenotre has read the Strange and Astounding Adventures of Fauche-Borel.

HARRY HANSEN

Books in Brief

The Forest Giant. By Adrien Le Corbeau. Translated by L. H. Ross. Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

How this book escaped being written seventy years ago for the Victorians is a mystery. Perhaps the submerged reader is still seventy dogged years behind, both here and in France, for certainly the book will be taken seriously, into several editions, by all lovers of outdoor sweetness and inner light who like nothing better than a cosmic subject applied for personal edification. The giant sequoia has always been better in actuality than in art, and this story of its life-cycle is no exception.

The Poetry of Architecture. By Frank Rutter. George H. Doran Company. $1.25.

"To remold convictions in the light of added knowledge" is the announced purpose of the series in which this volume appears. Mr. Rutter comes far from doing any such thing. Here are all the old formulae of Ruskin's "Seven Lamps"—"the grandest book on architecture ever planned." We hear of "structural falsity," "mere masks," "insincerity." As architecture is "fitness expressed," Roman architecture and the modern steel building are "splendidly untruthful." There is not a hint that Wölfflin and Riegl have meanwhile written; not a hint that abstract relations of form and space have a value apart from fitness, that Roman and Baroque art have their own laws of being and are not to be judged by Greek or Gothic canons. The choice of examples and similes from buildings familiar to the English reader makes the book less useful to Americans, who might otherwise be intrigued by its easy style into some knowledge of the views of yesterday upon a subject often thought forbidding.

Drama

Mimicry and Realism

WHEN the curtain rises upon the empty scene of the first act of "Minick" (Booth Theatre) the eye catches in a fraction of a second a perfect vision of the standardized comfort and hackneyed elegance of the middle-class flat. An instant later a sound directs the attention to a distant corner and in an adjoining but just visible room one sees a serving maid, vigorously wiping forks and spoons in that state of vague indignation chronic with those who serve in the slightly disorganized households of the bourgeoisie. With a loud clatter she drops the pieces one by one into the open drawer of a buffet and the atmosphere of nervous irritation which the jangling generates completes the absolute verisimilitude of the picture. Then, in less than a quarter of a minute from the raising of the curtain, a ripple of laughter announces the fact that the audience has achieved a delighted recognition of itself and caught the spirit of the piece. "Minick" is a succession of such recognitions and the opening moment is its epitome.

Perhaps the word "mimicry" describes more accurately than the word "realism" the means by which such effects are obtained, and the relation of mimicry to art is indeed questionable. It is, perhaps, an extremely difficult trick rather than a supremely important artistic process, and it is trivial enough beside that deeper observation and subtler recording which, even while missing the familiar accent of everyday existence, reveals truths so hidden and so new as to seem at first sight strange rather than familiar. Mr. George Kaufman has, however, achieved perfection in his chosen field and there is no denying either the difficulty of his trick or the pleasure which it gives. He has taken from Miss Edna Ferber a story which he has saved from the sentimentality into which it threatens to fall, and he has lavished upon it a genius for the imitation of minutiae second only to the similar genius of Mr. Sinclair Lewis. Rarely in the course of the whole play does he fail to catch even the exact emphasis of a fact. Every speech seems the echo of a familiar voice, every contretemps awakens the memory of some personal discomfort, and the whole gives constantly the impression of something thoroughly familiar and yet never before entirely realized. It is no small thing not only to have transcribed with such fidelity the observations of a keen eye and an accurate ear, but to have known also just what in this observation was common to all New York so that each of a thousand spectators should see in father Minick something of his own father, in Mrs. Minick something of his own wife, and in the whole Minick household a routine of minor occurrences amusingly and embarrassingly like what he had vainly imagined to be the individual eccentricities of his own household. No transcendent genius perhaps was required, but something more than mere parroting was, for the mimicry is more than the mere mimicry of individuals. Contemporary life, at least in its externals, is seen as a pattern to which individual lives, in spite of all their apparent differences, conform, and this pattern is sketched firmly enough to fix itself in the mind of the audience and clearly enough to invite a criticism of itself. The laughter which it raises is neither troubled nor bitter, perhaps indeed it is occasionally facile; but in the main it is at ourselves, and laughter at ourselves is always worthy laughter because it is indubitable proof that the spirit of self-criticism is at work. "Minick," not being a great play, will offend nobody. It has sentiment enough to please the most sentimental and it is kindly enough to spare the feelings of the most tender, and yet with all it is in addition true enough to have, for those capable of feeling it, a gentle but salutary sting.

Mr. Kaufman and Miss Ferber approach art from one direction, while Mr. James Elroy Flecker attempts to reach it

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from another. The former begin with the vulgar elements of the popular drama and succeed by virtue of observation and sincerity in imbuing them with a measure of truth and significance; the latter takes hold of all the sacred paraphernalia of Serious Art and attempts, less successfully, to animate it with passion and life. His "Hassan" (Knickerbocker Theater) has indeed its moments of poetry, but on the whole its good intentions are more evident than its accomplishment. The producers seem to have been content to accept it as little more than the scenario for a spectacle, and, relying upon the fascination of costume and color, they have not been disturbed by the fact that the audience is not always sure whether the fine Oriental recklessness in the matter of the executions and torture is to be taken with a smile or a shudder. Thanks to a considerable amount of glitter to which a capable ballet contributes considerably, "Hassan" is not dull, but it never creates sufficient illusion to engage the emotions very deeply, and perhaps it is just as well that it does not, for physical horror, upon which it so largely depends for its attempted effects, is at best but an unsatisfactory substitute for genuine tragedy.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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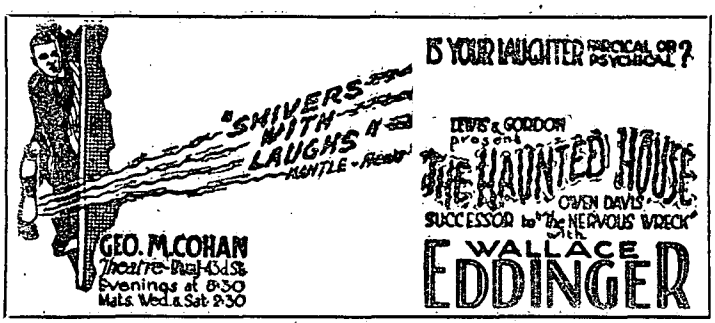

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The DEBATE of the SEASON!

SHOULD LITERATURE BE CENSORED?

JOHN S. SUMNER — Secretary, New York Society for Suppression of Vice

versus

ERNEST BOYD — Noted International Author and Critic

Chairman: CLIFFORD SMYTH, Editor, International Book Review

SUBJECT:

RESOLVED: That limitations upon the contents of books and magazines as defined in proposed legislation would be detrimental to the advancement of American literature.

Mr. BOYD, Affirmative Mr. SUMNER, Negative

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1924, AT 8:30 P. M.

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DEBATE

SAMUEL UNTERMYER for DAVIS *vs.* MORRIS HILLQUIT for La FOLLETTE

CLARENCE DARROW will be Chairman

RESOLVED: that viewing the concrete circumstances of the pending election, the cause of sound progressive government will be best promoted by voting for LA FOLLETTE rather than DAVIS

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF

The Nation

Published weekly, Wednesday, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1924.

State of New York, County of New York, } ss.:

Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Lewis S. Gannett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the acting editor of The Nation and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Editor—Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—Freda Kirchwey, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

Business Managers—None.

Acting Editor—Lewis S. Gannett, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given).

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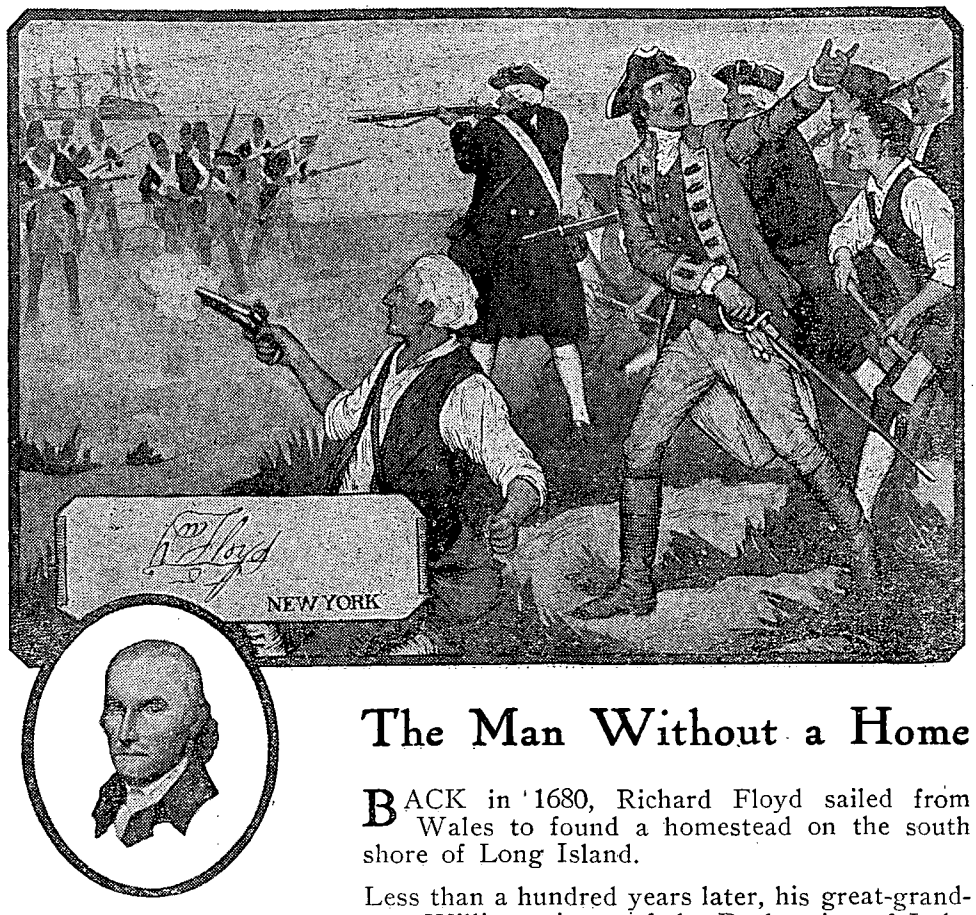
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ———. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

LEWIS S. GANNETT, Acting Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1924.

[Seal] Irene B. Cox.
Commissioner of Deeds for the City of New York.
(My term expires Oct. 17, 1924)



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International Relations Section

China and Germany Settle Up

ALMOST immediately following the signature of the Russo-Chinese agreements (printed in last week's International Relations Section) Germany also reached an important economic agreement with the Peking Government. The text of these agreements, embodied in two letters signed by the Chinese Foreign Minister, is here reprinted from the Peking *Daily News* of July 14.

Peking, June 6, 1924

His Excellency,
MONSIEUR LE DR. BOYE,
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for Germany, Peking.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE:

I have the honor to inform Your Excellency in the name of my Government that the Chinese Government, in order to settle the affairs of the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank, has agreed on the following procedure:

1. The Chinese Government will return to the bank as soon as possible all books taken over from the bank as those kept during liquidation.

2. The Chinese Government will return to the bank its immovable properties, together with buildings erected thereon, at Peking and Hankow, free from incumbrances. As to its immovable properties in other parts of China which have been liquidated and for which the bank asks for compensation, the Chinese Government agrees to pay to the bank 1,950,000 Mexican dollars in Tientsin-Pukow and Hukuang Railway bonds.

3. Thereafter all claims of the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank against the Chinese Government and of the Chinese Government against the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank will be considered as paid, with the exception of the advance including interest given by the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank to the Chinese Government on the security of the unissued portion of the Tientsin-Pukow supplementary loan of 1910.

In order to settle this matter the Chinese Government undertakes to take all steps necessary to make the hypothecated bonds negotiable and, in special, to take up the respective loan service, with due regard to the interest accrued on the advance, on the day when the service of all Chinese government loans issued in Germany is resumed. If so desired by the Chinese Government, the bank will advance to the Chinese Government the funds necessary for the service of these bonds for one year commencing from the date of exchange of these notes. Interest on this additional advance will be paid half-yearly at the rate of 7 per cent per annum by the Chinese Government to the bank.

The repayment of the advances by means of these bonds or otherwise will be arranged by separate negotiations between the Chinese Government and the bank that are to begin forthwith, and the bank undertakes not to issue these bonds to the public until these negotiations have been concluded, but for no longer than one year after the exchange of these notes, unless otherwise agreed upon.

4. The Chinese Government is prepared to reinstate the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank into its pre-war status, including its functions as an issuing bank under the loan agreements, and will take steps to that effect, with the exception, however, of its functions under the Hukuang Railway Loan Agreement which will remain in abeyance for the present.

5. On the exchange of these notes the regulations relating to the liquidation of the Deutsch-Asiatische Bank will be withdrawn. The order not to pay the creditors of the bank will be withdrawn on the 31st of October, 1924.

I avail myself of this opportunity to renew to Your Excellency the expression of my highest consideration.

(*Signed*) V. K. WELLINGTON KOO

Peking, June 7, 1924

His Excellency,
MONSIEUR LE DR. BOYE,
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for Germany, Peking.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE:

I have the honor to inform Your Excellency in the name of my Government that the Chinese Government in further execution of the second paragraph of the notes of May 20, 1921, annexed to the Sino-German Agreement of the same date, has agreed on the following procedure:

1. The Chinese Government will release the whole of the outstanding balance of the German private property still withheld by China. The two governments agree that the total value of the property so released, together with the property released since 1921, is between 69 and 70 million Mexican dollars.

2. The German Government will pay to China the advance portion of the indemnity, being equivalent to one-half of the value of the released private property as under Article 1.

This payment is being made in the following way:

	Mexican Dollars
(a) Cash paid in 1921.....	4,000,000
(b) 15,000,000 Mexican dollars in railway bonds, viz.: Bonds of the 1908 Tientsin-Pukow Railway Loan of £400,000 nominal at 68 equal to £952,000 in market value at 8.421 Mexican dollars per pound sterling equal to.....	8,016,792
Bonds of the 1910 Tientsin-Pukow Railway loan £950,000 nominal at 66 equal to £627,000 in market value at 8.421 Mexican dollars per pound sterling equal to	5,279,967
	Bonds
Bonds of the 1911 Hukuang Railway Loan of £381,640 at 53 equal to £202,269.20 in market value at 8.421 Mexican dollars per pound sterling equal to.....	1,703,308.90
(c) ..... at 8.421 Mexican dollars per pound sterling equal to £1,881,001 in drawn bonds and coupons due to June 15, 1924, of the the Railway Loans mentioned under (b)	15,839,909.45

These payments amount to a total of....Mex.$34,839,977.35

3. As a final compensation for the balance of all claims of the Chinese Government, arising out of the war, the German Government undertakes to settle all outstanding claims of the German private individuals against the Chinese Government, except claims in connection with the service of the Chinese bonds.

4. The Chinese Government will issue a presidential mandate whereby the former declaration on the suspension of the service of the three Railway Loans mentioned in Article 2 (b) and of the Reorganization Loan is definitely canceled and the full service for them resumed. Coupons of the Reorganization Loan already due will be paid one month after the exchange of these notes except an amount of £1,087,768 of these coupons at 8.421 Mexican dollars per pound sterling equal to $9,160,-094.30—which the German Government will deliver to the Chinese Government for cancelation. Coupons and drawn bonds of the three Railway Loans due before October 1, 1924, being secured in accordance with the agreements relating to these loans, will be repaid at the rate of two coupons and one drawing per year on the dates provided for payment of coupons and drawn bonds by the respective agreements, commencing from October 1, 1924. Coupons and drawn bonds due on and after October 1, 1924, will be paid on respective due dates.

5. The execution of the obligations under Articles 1, 2, and 4 will take place simultaneously, not later than eight days

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after the exchange of these notes; coupons and drawn bonds mentioned above as well as the railway bonds as detailed in Article 2 (b) will be handed over to the Chinese Legation in London by the German Embassy in London in exchange against the official notification addressed by the Legation to the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation in London, communicating to the bank, on behalf of the Chinese Government, the presidential mandate as provided for in Article 4.

6. This agreement shall be considered as a final settlement of all outstanding claims of the Chinese Government against the German Government and nationals, and of Chinese nationals against the German Government, as well as of all outstanding claims of the German Government against the Chinese Government and nationals and of the German nationals against the Chinese Government, provided always that they originated before July 1, 1921.

I avail myself of this opportunity to renew to Your Excellency the expression of my highest consideration.

(*Signed*) V. K. WELLINGTON KOO

Divorces and Suicides in Germany

MORE than twice as many couples are now being divorced each year in Germany than was the case before the war, according to figures published in *Wirtschaft und Statistik* (Berlin) for June 15, 1924. The number of divorces and the rate of divorce per 100,000 inhabitants are given as follows:

Year	Number of divorces	Rate per 100,000
1913	17,835	26.8
1914	17,740	26.2
1915	10,791	15.9
1916	10,494	15.5
1917	11,603	17.7
1918	13,344	20.6
1919	22,022	35.0
1920	36,542	59.1
1921	39,216	62.9
1922	36,548	59.6

Analysis of these figures shows the greatest frequency of divorce in the cities of Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck, in industrial Saxony and in Schleswig-Holstein. In every part of the Reich, however, the divorce rate was markedly higher in 1922 than in 1913. The divorce rate increased also both among those who had been married a short period and among those who had been long married, even among those married more than twenty-five years. But the relative increase was greatest among those married from one to four years, i.e., among the war marriages and early post-war marriages. The proportion of cases in which the man was declared the guilty party in 1922 was about the same as in 1913, 54 per cent; but in 1919, the first post-war year, the woman was held guilty in 55 per cent of the cases, and in 1920 the two sexes stood equal.

Suicides have not increased in similar proportion, but there are certain interesting parallels between the divorce and suicide figures. (The latter are given in *Wirtschaft und Statistik* for July 1.) The war brought a sharp drop in suicides as in divorces; whereas in 1913 15,564 suicides were recorded in Germany, the number fell sharply in 1915, and in 1918 was below 10,000 (possibly suicides in the field were not recorded), but in 1919 the figure rose to 11,555; in 1920 it jumped to 13,372; in 1921 it was 12,764; and in 1922 the total rose again, to 13,402. This was at the rate of 21.9 per 100,000 inhabitants; the 1913 rate, however, was higher still, 23.5. The suicide rate was highest in precisely those parts of the Reich where the divorce rate was highest —highest in Berlin, next in Hamburg; with Brunswick, Bremen, Saxony, and Schleswig-Holstein following in that order. It is also interesting to note that whereas before the war there were 34 women suicides to every 100 men suicides, this figure leaped to 62.6 in 1919, the year when women played a larger role than men in giving grounds for divorce. The figure declined to 54 in 1920 and to 46 in 1922.

Contributors to This Issue

SINCLAIR LEWIS is the author of "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Dr. Arrowsmith," and other books.

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ROBERT EMMET MACALARNEY has been city editor of the New York *Evening Post*, New York *Evening Mail*, and New York *Tribune*.

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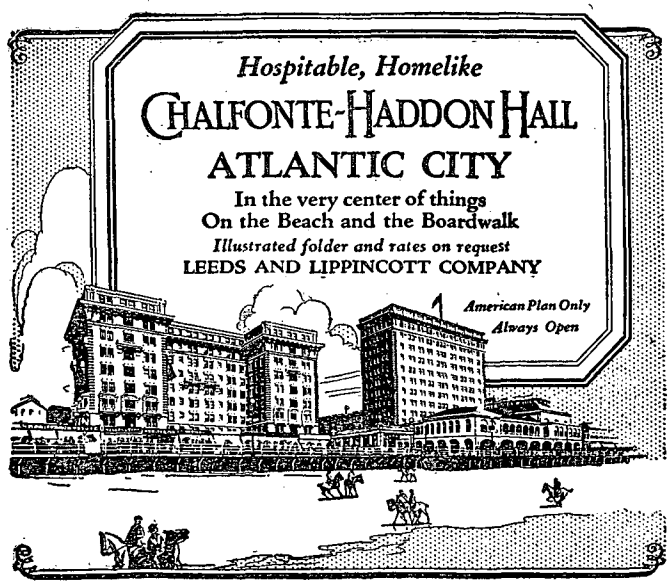

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